# Ero Manga Sensei Volume 1

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えろまんがせんせい

# エロマンガ先生

eromanga sensei

妹と開かずの間

いもうととあかずのま

イラスト◆かんざきひろ
伏見つかさ

電撃文庫

ふ-8-18

エロマンガ先生
妹と開かずの間

伏見つかさ

電撃文庫

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imouto to akazu no ma
Sagiri Izumi
エロマンガ先生
妹と開かずの間

# 01

**Personal Data**

PN:和泉マサムネ
年齢:15歳(高1)
血液型:A型
使用機種:Let's note

Masamune Izumi
**和泉正宗**
(いずみ・まさむね)

高校に通いながら小説家の仕事をしている。
PNは和泉マサムネ。
自分の作品やPNで、WEB検索できないタイプ。
引きこもりの妹がいる。

# 02

Sagiri Izumi
**和泉紗霧**
(いずみ・さぎり)



**Personal Data**

PN:エロマンガ先生
※なぜか「先生」をつけて呼ばれることが多い。
年齢:12歳(中1)
血液型:A型
趣味:動画配信　イラスト
読書　ゲーム

正宗の、血のつながらない妹。わけあって、ほぼ二人暮らしをしている。
重度の引きこもりで、他人が家の中にいると、部屋から出られない。
エロマンガ先生というPNでイラストレーターをしている。
えっちな絵を描くのが好き。

# 03

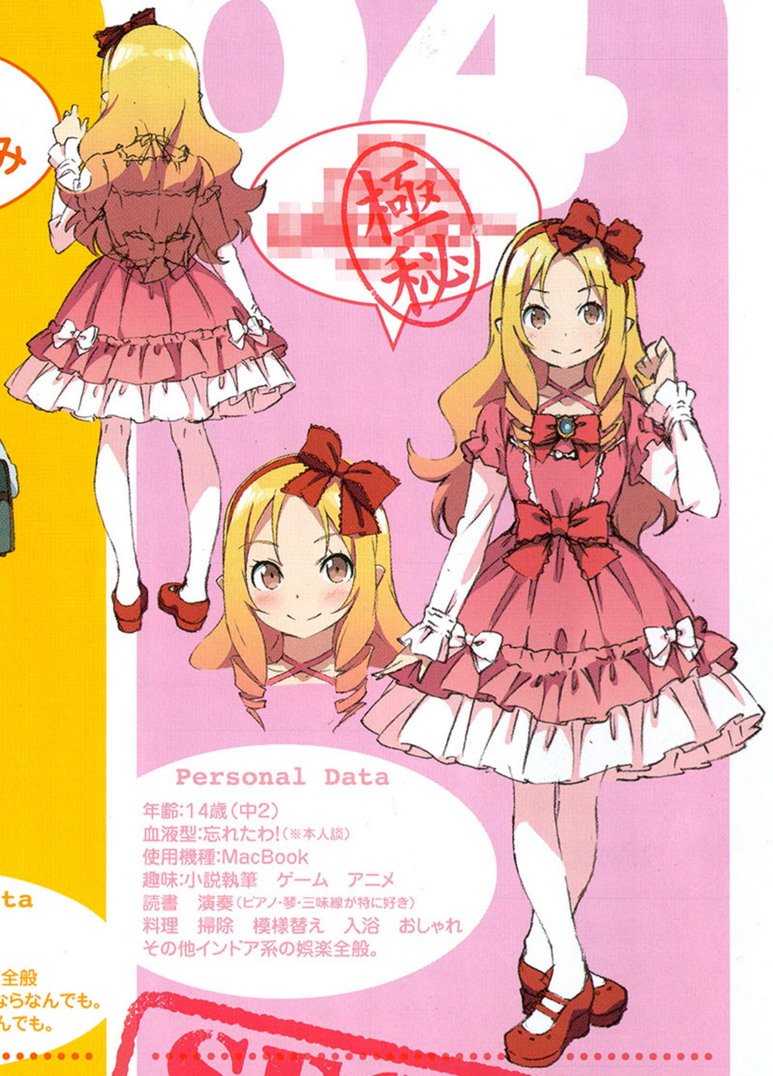
Megumi Jinno
**神野めぐみ**
(じんの・めぐみ)

**Personal Data**

年齢:12歳(中1)
血液型:B型
趣味:友達作り　スポーツ全般
その他流行しているものならなんでも。
友達が好きなものならなんでも。

紗霧のクラスメイト。人間関係最強のスーパー委員長。
友達を作るのが大好きで、そのためには労力を惜しまない。
壁を作って引きこもっても、扉をブチ破って踏み込んで来るタイプ。紗霧の天敵。

# 04




**Personal Data**

年齢:14歳(中2)
血液型:忘れたわ!(※本人談)
使用機種:MacBook
趣味:小説執筆　ゲーム　アニメ
読書　演奏(ピアノ・琴・三味線が特に好き)
料理　掃除　模様替え　入浴　おしゃれ
その他インドア系の娯楽全般。

SECRET

えろまんがせんせい

# 妹と開かずの間

# 俺の

eromanga sensei

# 妹が

伏見つかさ
イラスト：かんざきひろ

# エロマンガ先生

ero manga sensei

## エピローグ

I thought back to the day my little sister came to my home.

It was March. The weather should have been nice and warm. Yet it snowed that day.

She hid behind her mother's back, her head low as if she were secretly looking at me.

*From today, she is your little sister.*

*Make sure to take good care of her.*

Facing my parents' request, I smiled and said 'Sure'.

Her mother urged her to come forward. She timidly took a few steps forward, looking down and whispered:

"Pleased to meet you, onii-san."

After that, I rarely saw her again.

# Chapter 1

# エロマンガ先生
ero manga sensei

## 第一章

One day in April, I was making dinner inside the kitchen. Suddenly *Bang*! The ceiling shook a bit.

"Wait a little longer!"

*Bang bang bang bang*

"Got it, got it, got it! I got it already!"

I took the hot frying pan in one hand, the other snapped an egg open and put it inside.

*Zzzzhttttttt* I took another look at the egg and sighed.

--- So troublesome.

In order to understand what is going on, you have to know about us.

My name is Izumi Masamune. Fifteen years old. First year, high school.

My little sister's name is Izumi Sagiri. Twelve years old.

Right now, for various reasons, I'm living alone with my little sister.

She is the only family member I have right now. She rarely leaves her room --- in other words, a hikikomori. Of course, she doesn't go to school either.

Not only that, but she hasn't even opened the door to me - her own brother who, in her parents' place, has been taking care of her.

*I thought hikikomori no longer exists.*

She is a clean freak, but if I don't go outside, she probably won't take a bath. The only conversation between us brother and sister was the ceiling banger just now.

Really, so troublesome.

Despite that, I have my own share of problems too. However, the truth is that this is probably the only thing troubling me.

"Okay, finished."

Double sided fried eggs with tomato and lettuce - a salad dish. The only spice I used was a small amount of salt since I couldn't be sure of my little sister's taste.

"Just like a supper."

After a year, I became used to making this meal. I put everything on a dish and headed toward my little sister's room. Passing by the nearly empty first floor, I took the stairs.

With every step, the floor made a squeaking sound. This sound was like a dinner bell for my little sister.

Living alone in a two story building, this house is too big for us.

On the door to my hikikomori little sister's room, there was a cute heart shape brand with the words 'Sagiri' written on.

I gently knock on the door.

"Sagiri, dinner is here."

Then I wait.

A minute of silence ~ then I put the dish on the floor.

"I left it here, have a good meal."

I used a finger to massage my temple as countless words in my head turned into a sigh. Then I took a paper and pen out and began writing.

Putting my message on paper and leaving it with the dish – today too, I had to do that to communicate with my little sister.

--- *Come out and let me see you.*

That was my only wish.

A year ago, I had begun fighting. Of course, that was a metaphor. However, if you asked what I was fighting against, well ....

Against my little sister who refused to leave her room. Against our guardian who barely visited. While still a high school student - that kind of fighting.

We brother and sister are not related by blood. We are just two kids who followed our parents when they remarried. Then they left us to enjoy their honeymoon. No matter how I look at it, they acted like a lovey dovey high school couple.

The next part was something I'd rather not remember, so allow me to skip it. In short, right now, we siblings are the only ones living here.

After that... my only little sister hid inside her room.... and never tried to communicate with anyone anymore.

"What are you doing?"

I whispered, unsure whether I was asking myself or my little sister. Probably both.

After finishing dinner, I returned to my room on the first floor and sat down in front of the table.

"Alright, let's start working."

I started my B5-size[1] laptop.

I'm now working as a professional novelist. Colloquially speaking, you can call me a light novel writer.

During my first year in middle school, I got a prize in a light novel writing contest. Since then, for three years, I worked and

went to school at the same time. It was rare for a writer to still be in middle school, so there was no one younger than me in this field .

Because I got a prize on my first attempt, there were a lot of writer's troubles and hardships that I didn't understand. At that time, I thought 'I'm a genius' and got a bit arrogant. However, my newfound false confidence was soon crushed.

Now, I only thought that it was 'Just my luck.'

My pen name is Izumi Masamune. Basically my real name.

I kept it a secret from my family, and my co-worker also helped me. Thus, even my classmates didn't know that someone who was still in high school like me, was an author.

--- Until ...

"What would have happened? If I was exposed?"

I muttered uneasily.

This was because yesterday was the first time I took part in a signing event. The first autograph event after three years of debuting.

I would feel very embarrassed if my classmates found out, so I always refused that kind of event. However, yesterday was a special case.

Last month, I wrote a novel about fighting with special powers. After that, I finally decided that this is the time for 'Izumi Masamune' to appear in public.

That's why, yesterday, I went to the venue located in Ikebukuro, Sunshine.

It was fun.

Although at first I was a bit afraid of my admirers, I soon grew used to it. This was a rare chance to see how well-received my work was, after all.

*It was fun! I was very happy! Really happy! I like this character a lot* -- like that.

To be able to directly hear my fan say that gave me a huge boost in confidence and courage. It was like a whole new window had been opened in front of me. I was so grateful toward my editor who told me to do this.

Everything was fine so far.

Still, after the autograph event ended, I noticed one thing.

After fans of Izumi Masamune met him, they would surely share it on the Internet.

Although this event only allowed signing and forbid taking pictures, the fact that I'm a high school student was revealed

during my talk with them. Since my pen name is similar to my real name, there is a good chance that someone found out that I'm the high school student Izumi Masamune.

This isn't good. Definitely not good.

If someone at school called me 'Izumi-sensei' or the like, I'd probably die of embarrassment.

That's why ----

I'm now trying to search for my own name on the Internet.

"...Ha...phew....calm down....."

I wiped the sweat off my forehead.

I remembered that during my first debut, I once made the same mistake. After that, the trauma was so bad that I swore I'd never search for my own pen name or novels.

Back then, the psychological damage was so bad that even now, I had trouble just thinking about it. So I'm truly impressed by those authors who could calmly read all those review about their works.

Leaving it aside for the moment. Under the firm knowledge about how dangerous my actions were, I started searching about the autograph event yesterday.

"Hm..."

Then I browsed through various blogs and read their comments .

"It was fun to be able to talk with Izumi-sensei" -- *No no, to be able to see my reader having such a good time, I'm the one who had fun*. Hm ...here it said "Izumi-sensei is so young, just like the legend said" *Hm? What legend?*

*---- Phew ... Everything is fine...for now.*

I pat my chest and began reading about the impression of this event.

*So far, nothing seemed out of ordinary....*

Just when I was thinking that, something caught my eye.

"Ugh"

"Izumi-sensei's signature is so hard to read"

"Ughhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh"

I screamed.

"Ahhh.....ahhh....."

"Sensei's handwriting is really bad ~~"

"Wow...."

"Really, truly bad"

"So bad"

"Where did he go to during elementary school?"

"
Ughhhh

I looked at the ceiling and bit my lip.

This is it! This is why I hate Internet! I wanna cry already!

*Even if they were anonymous comments, they should know what can be said and what can't.*

*Just remember that!*

*Tap*

My tear gently fell on the laptop.

It was now 7:00 pm. In order to get a new book to change my mood, I went to the Takasago bookstore. This is a self-employed bookstore. It had two floors and, despite it not being very large, it had a good amount of light novels and a nice atmophere.

"Really... exaggerations. This is normal on the Internet."

Saying those word with a wry smile is this bookstore's mistress, Takasago Tomoe. A girl with long smooth black hair with a particularly delicate feminine appearance.

Wearing an apron, she is my classmate and one of the few individuals who knows the truth about Izumi Masamune.

Three years ago, during the time I made my debut, her father caught me because of my suspicious actions (I was actually only

trying to see if someone came and bought my book). It was one of my most embarrassing memories.

After that, I became her friend.

Right now, it was her break time. We were chatting inside the staff room.

"Really? It was normal? Then...."

"Yes. Writer. Artist. Anime director. Everyone gets it at some point. Well, just think of it as a tax for fame, don't pay it too much attention."

"I..I'm not that famous."

"...Is that so?"

*I think you are a bit too optimistic.*

Sadly, it was the truth.

Because my writing speed is quite fast, my fame remained nearly unchanged since my debut. After the third story from Izumi Masamune came out, I had become a somewhat famous writer. At the very least, I had never ended a book midway, so I was considered quite loyal in my work.

Due to the unexpected success of my books, the novel 'The Silver Wolf' became the first one to be reprinted.

"Don't think too hard about it. Such small comments won't affect anything."

"Somehow your words sound even worse than them...."

"Ahaha. Say...."

Tomoe took her smartphone out, clicked something and said:

"I took a look just now. Here, isn't that your illustrator's blog?"

"!"

Both of my eyes widened.

"Really? For real?"

"Yup"

"Let me take a look!"

"Here, this is the pen name, isn't it?"

Tomoe showed me that blog's name.

It read 'Eromanga's blog'. Just from reading that name, you might think that this is a blog aimed to introduce perverted manga or something like that.[2]

However, right under that, something else was written:

**Active Illustrator. Pen name came from an island. [3] There is no relation to ero manga.**

".....It really is...."

This 'Eromanga' is my current illustrator. He had been working with me since my debut, so I'm very grateful. After three year of working together, I felt that 'we are a good team', yet ---

"Wow wow wow! What is he doing!"

The one who was badmouthing me was him!

"Masa-san, have you met Eromanga-sensei?"

"No! We only contact each other through our editor!"

In fact, I didn't even know if this person is male or female. Well, since he always displayed moe[4] illustrations, he's probably male.

An illustrator is someone who was appointed by an editor, so normally we didn't directly contact each other. Even after three years, I had never met him face to face.

"Uhm ~ does that mean he hates you?"

"Wait! You mean my own illustrator hates me?"

"Isn't that the truth? I got the feeling he was quite mad at you."

"Really....?"

*But why? Did I do something to offend him?*

When we just started working together, I once complained ' What is with that perverted pen name'. Did he hear me say that? No no wait...with a name like 'Eromanga', anyone would have made that connection.

"If he hated me, I should apologize...but how can I do that..."

"Don't ask me, I don't know either."

Tomoe shrugged her shoulders.

"Still, I think it's strange that after three years of working together, you two know absolutely nothing about each other. Didn't your editor have something to say?"

"Well, even among the editors, no one has met Eromanga-sensei . He took all of his jobs via the internet. His contract specifically requested to keep his identity a secret."

"Ha, what a strange style."

Tomoe bluntly expressed her opinion. I agreed with her. I had my situations too, so he's probably got his own.

"Have you tried searching Eromanga on the Internet?"

"I did. But all the results point to the Eromanga website."

*That is normal.*

"Think about it more. How about adding your pen name, or your novel's name to the search?"

"Do you think of me as someone who would search his own name and novel?"

"…~ Ah right. You are such a doctrine person."

"Right. So, I'd be very happy if you could do some searching about it for me."

"Sure sure."

Tomoe started flicking with her smartphone again.

"You said searching, but actually I just browsed through his blog. Apart from illustrations, there are a lot of other things."

"Like what?"

"Like…mostly uploaded videos."

"Uploaded videos? But isn't he an illustrator?"

*What kind of video would he upload?*

"For example… some live streaming video…like that…?"

"Hm ~ I don't get it."

"Ah, look Masa-san, this is the newest update. Eromanga-sensei is going to have another live feed today. Do you want to take a look?"

Thus, at the 'Takasago bookstore', I bought some new light novels. One of my rules was to never buy any books via the Internet, so I looked everywhere else for more. It wasn't very comfortable, but that *is* my rule.

I opened the door to my home, full of excitement.

"I'm home ~"

No response just like usual. Still, I didn't mind it at all. I shouted at the stairs.

"Sagiri ~ once you finished your meal, be sure to leave it outside your room ~"

Then I returned to my room and back to my laptop.

"Live streaming video… right here!"

After my talk with Tomoe, a spark of curiosity toward ' Eromanga-sensei' appeared in my mind. Although three years ago, I quickly gave up about him, but….

*What does he look like? What is his voice like? What is he like?*

*What does he think about my novel?*

I clicked my mouse and viewed that blog.

It seemed like this blog was created a long time ago, there was a lot written here. Aside from his comment about my signature, there were many other things that made me angry.

"…Kuh."

I paused because the video had started running.

When it just started….

First, the screen showed a very basic style.

*--- In other words, Eromanga-sensei is about to appear.*

However, contrary to my expectations, the screen showed a pink notice 'A talk with everyone while drawing illustrations'.

[Stand by] [Waiting] Then the screen began to move from right to left.

"It's starting…so…what will he be like?"

My eyes fixed on the screen. Then a small voice sounding like it had gone through a voice changer came out:

"Ah! Good night everyone. Today I will have a talk with you while drawing. Pleased to meet you."

[I love you Ero-sensei!]

[I love you Ero-sensei!]

[Pleased to meet you.]

[I love you Ero-sensei!]

"I, I do not know someone like that!"

[This again]

[What is wrong with your pen name]

[You choose this name because you wanted to draw ero illustrations right?]

"I told you it's not like that! You always called me Ero-sensei this Ero-sensei that!"

[Right right]

[I'm counting on you, be sure to show us a nice ero illustration!]

Looked like -- this is how he always greets his fans.

*Hmhm…. directly communicating with fans… I'm jealous.*

I imagined myself doing that -- still, doing a live video stream while writing a novel...I bet it is going to be very boring.

"I will say it beforehand, there is no ero illustration today."

The screen turned into a sea illustration. Then a digital pen appeared.

However, that meant no one saw Eromanga-sensei.

"Today, I want to show everyone this illustration - from Izumi Masamune sensei's 'The Silver Wolf's Reincarnation', one of the main heroines, Akaiusagi-chan![5] She is my favorite character. Although during the third volume, Izumi-sensei didn't revive her!"

*Ah, I'm sorry.*

I said sorry inside my head. So Eromanga-sensei liked this girl. I remembered that the illustration for this character took him quite some time.

*Could it be that that was the reason he is angry?*

"Really, Izumi-sensei is too much. Such a cute girl, yet he mercilessly killed her. She was like a daughter to me!"

While showing his anger toward me, the digital pen kept moving.

*No wait! Wait a sec! This can't be helped! This was a fighting novel!*

*Your resentment should go toward the one who killed her, Kinshishi[6] (The final boss of volume 3).*

"? "

Eromanga-sensei began coloring Akaiusagi while humming a song.

*…Hm ~ so that's how an illustration is created.*

Totally unlike what I was expecting.

The cursor kept moving back and forth. Even if you stared at the screen, you wouldn't be able to keep up with its trajectory. Not only that, sometimes the digital pen and mouse were moving at the same time. What a magic-like skill.

Actually, no matter what kind of job it was, as long as it reached professional level, people will find that simply watching is enjoyable.

After a while, the topic became 'Izumi Masamune-sensei's autograph event'.

"Ah, regarding the rumor about the autograph event to celebrate 'Silver Wolf', I'm so sorry, but I can't go. Because I can't allow my indentify to be exposed. So please let Izumi-sensei know. "

[What's wrong? Are you a lolicon?]

[Is the legend true? Izumi-sensei is actually a beautiful elementary school girl?]

"Shut up. I have never seen Izumi-sensei myself, so I don't know!"

The one who suggested that he was a lolicon just smiled wryly. Maybe someone would feel complicated if this was the truth, but I was moved. This is something truly amazing.

However, the one who said that I'm a beautiful elementary schoolgirl… is probably just trying to tease me.

*My name is clearly a male name… how could they come to that conclusion?*

"Still, I heard that Izumi-sensei's signature is very bad."

[Yeah, truly truly bad]

[It was like a bad drawing]

*You guy shut up! Even if it was the truth, you had no right to say it!*

*Damn it! If I meet him, I'd surely give him a piece of my mind!*

"So, it's done ~? "

[Nice Ero ~]

[Wowahhhhhhh]

[Thank you for your hard work]

[Today was fun too]

[So cute ~~]

A lot of comments popped up. Yes, it truly was a good illustration.

[Can I take it as my wallpaper this time too, sensei?]

"Of course ~ you can ~ Thank you for watching ~"

The illustration was done, but the live video streaming still continued. Probably going into chat time.

"Phew ~ After talking so much, I'm so tired."

Eromanga-sensei let out a tired breath.

"Every time I made a live video, the illustration turned out to be good."

[Kinshishi's illustration is nice too]

[Everything is OK]

[How about some anime character now?]

"Hey wait, you guys request too many things! Wait a sec!"

A moment of silence, then the computer screen which was currently being shown was cut off. Next someone wearing an anime character mask and headphone appeared.

[Wow wow]

[Nice]

*--- Heh, so he switched the camera. Which meant that this is Eromanga-sensei.*

Unlike a normal televised broadcast, whatever he decided to show us next is random, but it's not a bad thing.

He was wearing an anime character mask, with a large coat and a hat - so I couldn't make sure what he looked like. But even though the room was dark with an unclear picture, I could say that he was much smaller than I expected.

Eromanga-sensei took out an anime magazine and flipped to a page with a famous character ranking. Of course there wasn't any character of mine in there.

"Take a pick from here. Ah, if possible, choose someone I like. I prefer it that way."

Then a lot of request popped up on the screen. Eromanga-sensei happily chatted with everyone -- but I didn't join in.

"……."

Because now is not the right time.

"……"

wwwwwwww
本人登
あああああああ
wwwwww
wwwwwww
ルルwwww
註
おおおおおおおおおおおお

Those happy conversations didn't enter my ear at all. I said nothing, all of my attention focused on the unclear streaming video.

"……. What is going on?"

Looking behind sensei's back, at the room - I muttered.

There -- lied the dinner that I just made for my little sister.

"Haaaa!?"

About a minute later, I recovered and frankly shook my head.

The live streaming video was still running. On my laptop's screen was still that someone with a large coat and an unclear room. People were still chatting.

But if I looked carefully, I could see the familiar double-sided egg, the salad made with tomato and lettuce, even the dish was the same as the one in my family kitchen.

"What exactly is going on?"

I muttered again. My head felt a bit clearer than before, but I was still unable to understand.

"A coincidence…?"

No way. There was only one truth about it, but I still found it hard to believe.

"…Could it be…this video…came from…my home?"

I looked at the ceiling and whispered.

*No way. No way. No way. But….*

"Could it be that…. She is my little sister?"

Even I was scared of this idea.

Eromanga-sensei used a voice changer, wore a large coat and a mask. In other words, there is nothing strange if he turned out to be a girl.

…..I was unable to discard this theory.

Could it be --- Sagiri - the one who never left her room, the one who never communicated with anyone - is the same one who could happily talk with her fans, my novel illustrator?

"….Could it be? How low is this chance?"

To tell the truth, I was confused. But at the same time, an idea appeared in my mind.

*--- This is a chance.*

That's right.

If 'Eromanga-sensei' = 'My little sister, Sagiri' then….

Right now, on my laptop's screen could be my little sister, who refused to go out of her room….right?

Although it was hard to believe, but there was a chance! I had given up after a year, but now a golden chance fell on my lap. There is no way I could waste it!

"Think! Think!"

Holding my head with both hands, I dropped my elbow on the table.

"….Damn….Damn it! I can't think of anything!"

True, I was watching a live video, but all I could do is type something and sent it to her! What good would that do? What exactly should I say?

[Are you my little sister?] - Denied.

[How about going outside for a while?] - Rejected.

What difference was it compared to when I brought her meals? I even had a bad feeling about doing that. It would only complicate things later.

When I was mentally kicking myself, the 'what would the next illustration be about' talk had come to an end. Eromanga-sensei returned to the front of the camera.

"Then next video is tomorrow, everyone."

*Damn it! Time over! What should I do ?*

When I couldn't think of anything ---

Eromanga-sensei made a small mistake.

"See you next time. Bye bye ~? "

[Thank you for your hard work]

[I'm looking forward to it]

[Thank you for your hard work again]

[Huh?]

In short, someone forgot to turn off the camera after the show.

[Wow wait it's still continuing www]

[I love Ero Sensei! www]

[Camera Camera!]

[You forgot your camera]

Regretfully, Eromanga-sensei didn't pay attention to her fan's reminder.

*….This is going to be bad… right?*

This mistake could well lead to the tragedy of allowing whoever was watching that video to see that person's 'true self'.

For example - or rather, worst case scenario, imagine someone who runs naked in front of the camera and did some perverted things that caused people to curse them. Not to mention the danger of exposing your private life to the public.

*This is bad. This is really, really bad – hey, hey, wait for me.*

I jumped up from my chair.

The reason was because something unexpected happened on the screen.

"Ah ~~ I got so much fun. I'm so hungry, yet I forgot to eat the meal."

Eromanga-sensei stood up and started take of his clothes.

First was the stocking. Then the large coat fell off when he was moving outside of the camera's range. Next the mask fell down in front of the camera.

[Hey! Ero Manga sensei's true identity is going to be revealed!]

[Probably a pervert though]

[Damn it! I can't see anything. Come back here ~]

[Why do you want to watch a male change his clothes?]

[Hey, what a colorful stock]

[It might be good www]

*Clank clank*

"NOT GOODDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!!!!!!"

I picked my laptop up and ran outside.

Toward the second floor, toward someone who 'refused to leave her room'.

"Not good! Not good! Definitely not good!"

*You guys understand, right?*

*If Eromanga-sensei is my little sister.*

*If they are the same person!*

*Then my little sister's naked body is going to be revealed for the whole world to see!*

"
STOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOPP
!!!!!"

*Bang!*

I slammed on my little sister's room's door like I want to crush it down.

* Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!*I kept banging on the door while looking at my laptop's screen.

"Cameraaaaaaaa!!!! You forgot to turn off your camera!!!!!!! Cameraaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!!"

*Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!*

"Damn it it's still running!"

This is the first time I tried calling for my little sister without caring about my image.

In short, I tried my damn best. Notice it for me! Notice it notice it notice it notice it !!!

*Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!* The sound of banging door doubled, because my laptop's speaker was emitting a same sound.

In other words - there is no doubt about it.

[What a loud knock!]

[Is his family causing trouble? www ]

The live video on the screen flicked and cut off.

"…It cut off….."

The corridor turned back to silence.

…..I didn't watch the last part of the video, but it looked like…I made it?

Crisis averted….right?

"Hah……..phew ~~"

I closed my eyes and let out a deep breath. My shoulders were trembling from adrenaline rush.

"….I saved it. I saved…. my naked little sister….."

*I deserved some praise, right?*

Although I wasted a good opportunity.

"…I have no regret."

Removing my hand from the door's handle, I wiped my forehead.

"But….be sure to know that…"

I fiercely looked at the door and said:

"I definitely want you to open this door!"

*Crank….*

Just after the last words left my mouth, the door opened.

"Huh?"

I let out a surprise voice.

*No, but -- wait wait? Why is that opening?*

*Crank crank….*

The door that I spent a year trying to open without success was slowly opening ---

"……"

A girl in pajama appeared in front of me.

White skin. Slightly messed up silver hair. Blue eyes without emotion.

I got the feeling that if I looked away for a second, she will disappear.

This is my little sister, Izumi Sagiri.

Looking at my stunned-wide-opened-mouth, she whispered:

"Onii-san, long time no see."

This was my little sister, who I hadn't seen in a year.

I don't know how long I stood here frozen. When I recovered, my little sister was standing blankly right in front of me.

This was our second meeting, but I think she is beautiful. Not that kind of vulgar beauty from an actress, but a pure immaculate

beauty. However, since this was the first thing that popped up in my mind, it showed how confused I was.

The second time I met my little sister face to face ---

"……."

"……."

We had nothing to say. Time passed. I had no idea what she was thinking, while my brain simply couldn't keep up.

*Say… this is really the one who made the live video just now, right?*

*The illustrator with the extreme perverted pen name 'EroManga'?*

When she appeared in front of me like that, I had no way to make the connection.

*Could it be… I was wrong?*

Probably a minute later, I finally opened my mouth.

"…Long time no see…. Probably a year, right?"

"……."

Sagiri didn't reply. Her face showed an angry expression.

*What? Are you getting angry?*

*Well, if someone suddenly banged madly on your door, this reaction was expected. Still…*

I took a peak at my laptop's screen. The live video had been cut off, the screen was dark. Then I slowly raised my eyes and looked at my little sister's face.

"About that… are you 'Eromanga-sensei'?"

"……"

No response. Still…..

….Her forehead broke into cold sweat! She was clearly in panic!

Inside my heart, I announced 'The defendant is guilty!'.

I was surprised to see her complicated expression. I always thought of her as someone emotionless.

"You really are. Just now the live video --- "

"….Kuh!"

Sagiri didn't say anything, she shook her head.

"That…."

*Huh? What is with her?*

"You mean I was wrong?"

"….."

Sagiri immediately nodded, then she looked down and muttered something.

"What are you saying?"

"……."

"I can't hear you."

I put my ear closer to my little sister's mouth. Then I heard her speak in an barely audible whisper:

"…I don't know someone with that pervert name."

*Then why would you take that pen name?*

If she really was Eromanga-sensei, I'd like to lecture her about that.

"….."

Sagiri turned away. She had a worn out look on her face.

"Sure ~"

The more you tried to deny it, the worse it became. Because if it truly was a mistake, then your initial reaction wouldn't be like that .

What next? I couldn't help but thinking about my next step.

Sagiri stayed silent, suddenly she tried to close the door.

"Hey wait ~ like I would let you get away!"

*Thud* My foot was caught between the door.

"!"

Sagiri opened the door back again, releasing my foot from this torment.

"It hurts, it hurts!!!"

"….Get it out."

She probably meant 'get your foot out' ---

"I strongly object!"

If I back off now, I got the feeling that I will never see this door opened again in my life.

"You are the illustrator for 'The Silver Wolf's Reincarnation', Eromanga-sensei, aren't you?"

"…No, I'm not… not…"

She looked like she was about to burst into tears. Like I was bullying her.

Ahh, damn… I never intended to do that ---

"This is amazing!"

All I wanted to do was say that out.

"….."

Sagiri looked at me with her moist, blue eyes.

"!"

Our eyes meet. I was taken aback for a second. All I could do was force my throat to say:

"Just now on the live video, that illustration was so beautiful. You have so many fans too… Everyone was happy."

I looked away and said:

"Since you never left your room, I always wondered what were you doing inside… But you did something so amazing."

"……."

Although I was saying my true feelings, I couldn't see my little sister's expression.

What kind of expression was she having? Confusion? Ah… this made me embarrassed.

It's so hard… I have to continue talking. I can't let this conversation die.

About… topic, topic, what topic…..

"They said your illustration is very erotic ~"

"!"

*What the heck am I saying?*

*Is that something I'm supposed to talk about with my little sister?*

"Ah, not only that! About…."

*About what?*

"I'm… very happy."

I should have come clear from the beginning. About my 'real identity'.

"…Sagiri… the truth is… I…."

I will tell her. Tell her why I'm happy.

"I ---- "

"No!!!"

Sagiri shouted, interrupting me.

"Huh?"

Did I mishear? I looked at Sagiri.

"…What… what --- no?"

Just after those word left my mouth.

*Thud*

My answer came in the form of something threw at my face.

"…Kuh…Ugh…."

I covered my face and took a few steps backward.

*Crank*

In my distorted vision, the door once again closed up.

I took another look at the object that just hit my face.

…Sagiri… she threw her gamepad at her own brother!

Once again, I was able to meet my little sister after a long time, yet our meeting was absurdly cut short. The only thing left for me was the pain in my nose and the regret of being unable to make use of this chance.

"…Damn. This is just the beginning."

And the happiness from seeing my little sister again.

The next day.

In order to decide my next novel, I paid a visit to my publishing company in Tokyo.

After waiting for a short time, my editor, Kagurazaka-san appeared.

"Ha ~ sorry to keep you waiting!"

Short hair, wearing a suit. A common setup for a strong capable woman. However, because her face was so young, she looked like a female student in a university.

I stood up and greeted her.

"Pleased to meet you."

"Sorry Izumi-sensei. My previous meeting was a bit longer than expected."

Kagurazaka-san walked around and sat down in front of me.

"Recently I'm so busy ~? There are so many enthusiastic writers lately ~. Yesterday and a few day before that, I only got two hours of sleep. But I'm already used to it!"

"Ha, thank you for your hard work."

To tell the truth, I was thinking that this wasn't my business. Who do you think made my work that popular?

Of course, even if I was thinking that, I couldn't say it out loud. Right now, as a freelancer, she is my boss.

If I got into a fight with her, there may be a good chance that my income will be affected, maybe even my work will have some trouble. Before, I might not have thought of it as a problem, but right now, it's a matter of life and death.

Thus, even if she was kind to me, I still couldn't help but tense up.

*So, please hurry and get to the main topic.*

"Thank you for the autograph event a few days ago. Today I came here to discuss my next work."

"I expected that ~ But since you just finished your last volume, shouldn't you take a break?"

"I don't have that much time. I need to get a new novel out before the readers forgets about me."

So thoughtful. Kagurazaka-san smiled.

"Then… about my next novel's outline."

"Can you show me a bit of it?"

*Thunkthunkthunk*

I opened my backpack and threw a pile of documents on the table.

Kagurazaka-san said 'Oh' and widened her eyes.

"What is all this?"

"New project proposals. In short, I have finished outlines for three volumes of two novels."

"Ha? Wait? Outline? Finished?"

"In the two novels, one is the same fighting with special powers. The other is an adventure story. Since it was a different type from my previous novel, I only finished one volume."

"……"

Kagurazaka-san mouth turned into a thin line and flipped through my 'outline'.

"Listen to me! This is no longer just an outline or a proposal! It's a finished manuscript!"

"I think it's normal, since someone already told me what to write. Kagurazaka-san should be able to tell what I wanted to write just from reading it right?"

"Didn't I teach you that an acceptable outline has to be able to convey its content to me in just ten seconds?"

"Really? Did you?"

"Such a big manuscript can't be decided with just one meeting between us like this! Well, it's still a good thing that you had a finished manuscript. You said you have finished three volumes in one novel and one volume in the other? Your typing speed is still as amazing as ever."

*Actually, I don't want myself to be described like that.*

"Okay, then? Aside from this, what is this pile? Although it's very unlikely… but you aren't planning for a fourth novel, are you ?"

I replied:

"Yes. This time, I planned the revision of my script in case it became an anime."

"Are you an idiot!?"

My editor slammed the table.

"Is something wrong? If it became an anime, then no matter how much I tried, I won't be able to finish it in time! So I prepared it in advance while I still can."

"I don't think anyone has as much of a self-delusion as you! Your novel isn't that popular yet, where did your confidence come from?"

"You are too much! I'm preparing for the case my novel becomes a super popular hit!"

*Yes, I know that I've still got a long way to go! But I'm slowly improving!*

"I only try to write anything that I feel is interesting."

"But I'm the one who has to look at all this and decide if it's good enough! I know that there is no way I could stop you now, but I'm nearly busy to death! Do you get it already?"

After the meeting ended. Before she went back, Kagurazaka-san suddenly told me:

"Izumi-sensei, you have changed ~"

"Huh?"

"Compared to a year before ~ I feel that you are more mature now. Or should I say you look very eager. First was 'Silver Wolf', then your style suddenly changed. A normal beginner might have been caught up in their sudden popularity and soon be cast outside."

"Ah ----"

*She is right.*

"Before, I only did it as a hobby. I wrote whatever I felt like, then shared it with others and watched them happily read my work. I felt that this was enough."

Back then, I was still in my first year of middle school. To say it bluntly, I didn't even care if my novel could be sold or not.

I didn't even think of becoming a professional novelist. No matter how I look at it, this is a hard job. I planned to stop after I entered university, so I didn't care much about this job.

"Now you don't think that way anymore?"

"I need money."

I said bluntly. If the me from before heard this, he would undoubtedly get angry.

But today I couldn't do that.

I have to earn money to support my independent life.

"Uhm ~ it's not a bad thing."

Kagurazaka-san smiled.

"Really? With such a normal reason?"

"If Izumi-sensei is motivated, then I'm fine with that. Earning money is a very normal way of thinking for a professional novelist. Ah, I just remembered, I got an idea to further fire you up."

"What? A famous illustrator wanted to do my illustration? ' Ichi-sensei or something?"

I always wondered why he'd pick such strange pen name.

"It's not that. If it's someone else, your illustrator, Eromanga-sensei, would be angry."

Suddenly, an extremely sensitive name for me appeared.

"No matter how fast Izumi-sensei works, until now Eromanga-sensei didn't even have a single complaint. If you switch, it's too heartless."

Kagurazaka-san looked happy, she planned to ask Eromanga-sensei for my next work too.

For Eromanga-sensei to team up with me is a waste of his talent. I couldn't even wish for that.

However, right now my mood is very complicated. Because he is actually my little sister.

"I will thank him properly later."

"That's good to hear."

"So, what were you going to tell me?"

"*Thunk* ~~"

Kagurazaka-san happily placed a stack of paper on the table. When she made that smile, things were never that simple.

"…What …is…this?"

"The impressions about 'Silver Wolf' that I collected from the Internet! Hurry up and read it to motivate yourself!"

"Didn't I tell you that I'm scared of it? That's why I never read anything like that! Shouldn't you know that better than anyone else!?"

"Of course ~? I didn't suggest this out of nowhere. There were many kind of comments I picked, including the 'please do this, sensei' type."

"……."

Kagurazaka-san was the type who often made unexpected solution.

Sometime I felt like she was like a strict master who forced her disciples to do meaningless stuff. Sometime I felt like she should hurry up and die, but still, she did that out of her desire for me to make a better novel. Thus, while I didn't blindly follow advice, at least I will listen to them first.

Besides, my communication skills wouldn't be enough to refuse her anyway.

"Other editors already told me, 'don't listen to those kinds of opinions, especially from your reader'."

"Is that so? ~ Don't worry I'm not like the others! Good! Hurry and take a look!"

"Sure sure."

I reluctantly took that pile of paper. There was something that looked like a website's forum symbol above.

"That ~"

"What?"

"All of these are criticisms about my novel! Is that my imagination?"

"Nope, it's real. What's wrong?"

"Shouldn't this be a gift to further motivate me?"

"That's my style. After seeing this you will be super-motivated!"

*That's why I don't check the Internet for this stuff – how many times did I tell you that…!*

Ah forget it, I already decided that I will not argue with this woman. Still, as a novelist, I should keep a communication channel with my readers. Reality is so hard.

"Izumi-sensei, your will is too weak, you only read your reader's opinions by paper mail. If you don't get hurt sometime, you wouldn't be able to grow up. I only hope sensei could write more."

*That is your reason?*

*To hurt me? Just now you tried to hurt me?*

*Look my readers, this is what my editor is like!*

"….."

I didn't say anything, just started looking at those paper in my hand. It hurt! It hurt so much! My heart hurt so much!

This is probably something usual for an editor – but anyway, because all of them were criticisms about my novel, their destructive power toward me was even higher.

This was another kind of pain. The kind from editors and readers.

For an author, the editor is their death god, but to me, the reader is more important.

"Ah! This blog!"

While I was flipping through those papers, my editor interrupted:

"Eromanga-sensei also wrote his impression about 'Silver Wolf' in his blog! You have to take a look!"

*…This huh.*

"Eromanga-sensei sounded like he was angry because his favorite character was denied a chance to come back."

"Reflect on yourself! I did tell you that development is not good enough, but you didn't listen!"

By the way…

*You definitely didn't say that.*

*Still, based on my memory, this time she gave me thirty-two praises.*

*Always so capricious.*

"Yeah! Sorry!"

I lowered my head. On Eromanga-sensei's blog, not only did she badmouth me, she also gave her own impression.

Sagiri must have written that.

Thinking that, I continued reading, then ---

"….What the?"

My eyes widened.

After I came back home, I immediately rushed toward the stairs .

Standing in front of 'The never opened door', I exhaled a long breath.

"Ha…."

Because I ran here from the bus station, I was out of breath. Although there was something that I felt I should do, but I had no idea how exactly I'm going to do it.

"Sagiri…."

At my company, I read my little sister's blog.

She was badmouthing me – at least, that was what I thought.

The result ---

I saw her 'The Silver Wolf's Turning' – a commemorating illustration.

This was an illustration showing a huge effort on details and feeling – a perfect illustration.

"…Eromanga-sensei."

Both my hands rested on that 'Never opened door' as I muttered to myself.

'Silver Wolf' is my masterpiece, but it was also something that already ended. I had started a new novel now, and probably will never write anything else about 'Silver Wolf'.

But in Sagiri's illustration, those characters that I thought I'd never see again were all waving their hands at me. They all had the expression of 'Good bye. Wish us a good journey'.

I…. Because of Sagiri… I was able to do that.

I felt very happy. Thus…

"Are you listening to me?"

I wanted to meet Sagiri, wanted to thank her. Not as her brother , but as her co-worker Izumi Masamune.

In order for me to succeed, there was a problem I needed to overcome first. I once got a wonderful chance, but I wasted it.

"Sagiri! Eromanga-sensei! Listen to me!"

Sagiri didn't know that, and I was a bit afraid of telling her the truth.

Back then, she cut me off before I could say it out.

"I am ---- "

My feeling burst open.

I shouted from the top of my lungs towards 'The never opened door'.

"I AM! THE AUTHOR OF 'THE SILVER WOLF'S REINCARNATION' – IZUMI MASAMUNE!"

*Bang*

"Ugh!"

"'The never opened door' suddenly sprang forward and hit me in the face.

"Ugh…ugh…."

Covering my face, I fell down on my butt.

The serious atmosphere just now had been blown away. I'm so useless.

*..How should I put it…*

That kind of attack often happened in novels, but in reality, its power wasn't something to look down at.

Besides, it's impossible to dodge. I don't know any anime main character that could easily take this attack, but I'm sure I still got a long way until I'm in his league. After a few painful seconds, I slowly said:

"What are you doing?"

I looked up. In front of me was my little sister in her pajamas.

Like a hand was grabbing my heart, I was speechless.

"……Ack……."

Sagiri's cheeks turned crimson, her eyes opened wide. She looked like she was lost for words.

"..Re, really?"

She whispered. Her voice was so small that if I didn't pay attention, I'd have missed that.

I knew it. Sagiri didn't know about my identity either.

Just like before, I didn't know Eromanga-sensei's identity.

Until now, we have finally confirmed that.

"Onii-san… you are Izumi Masamune-sensei….? The author of ' The Silver Wolf's Reincarnation' ….?"

"…Ah… yeah…. say, you…. eh…."

"……."

"…..Eromanga-sensei, right?"

A moment of silence. Then Sagiri whispered:

"……I don't know anyone by that name."

She looked down and didn't say anything else. I also kept looking at my little sister's delicate legs.

Finally, like she wanted to avoid my gaze, she shyly turn her head aside and took back what she said at first.

"……Can, can I?"

I finally got my confirmation about my co-worker.

I gently shook my head.

"Why couldn't you… I'm finally able to meet you."

That was the first thing I said to my co-worker in three years.

Sagiri bit her lower lip like she was enduring something then she said:

"…Come in."

"Wow!"

"…Something wrong?"

"No, not that…you…did you just say…."

"Didn't you hear me?... I said, come in."

"Can I?"

I rarely even came here myself.

"…I told you that you can."

"Right."

Now I can enter? Doubts kept appearing in my head.

But my answer is yes.

"Then, sorry for the intrusion."

And so.

I entered 'The never opened door' – the forbidden area in my house.

When I was living here with my parents, there was no such thing as 'The never opened door'. This room was only built after mom and my little sister came.

"….So dark."

There was a sound of a click before the room brightened. Looks like Sagiri turned on the light.

I looked around the room.

The truth is, this is the first time I saw my little sister's room. But it was the same compared to the live video earlier. An eight tatami mat sized room, and the first thing that caught my attention was the large number of figures around the room.

"Wow, everything is games and books."

In a bookshelf, there were a lot of light novels for teens and mangas. All of my works were also there.

The lower part of that shelf was used to store game stuff. The game console was kept on the TV shelf, while anything that couldn't be fit here simply lied on the ground.

Even if there were many things here… this place didn't feel alive. With colorful curtains and figures, this room did look like a girl's room.

The smell was nice too…

But there was an awkward atmosphere.

"It is very clean."

"…Um."

Of course, I didn't clean her room. She did it all by herself. Just like mother said… my little sister preferred everything clean.

I gently put my hand on my little sister's head.

"You have done well."

"Don't…."

"Uhm? 'Don't treat me like a child' ?"

"Don't touch me."

"……."

It hurt so much! Like something pierced my heart! She was as cold as an iceberg.

While I was looking back and forth, my little sister asked me with a reluctant expression:

"Hurry…"

" 'Hurry and pat my head'?"

"Hurry! And! Sit! Down!"

"…Right."

Do you know that people with exquisite faces could be very terrifying when they got angry?

So, I sat down like my little sister said. Sagiri slowly sat down in front of me too.

"…About."

Right after she opened her mouth, I leaned forward.

"Hey"

She immediately pushed my head away.

"It hurt!"

"What, what, what are you doing…?"

"Because your voice is too quiet, I leaned forward in order to hear you easier.! Seeing you frightened like that, I'm hurt, you know?"

"…."

Sagiri immediately blushed. This girl has quite a lot of expressions to show.

"Don't…."

"Yeah, 'don't come closer' right… Don't say that. I can't help but come closer."

"…Ha."

Sagiri turned her body aside and walked towards the computer. Then she put the headset on.

[Can you hear me now?]

Sagiri's voice came from the microphone. But this time, she didn't use a voice changer.

"…Ah um, sure, there is no problem."

At least I could hear her clearly now.

But…to think that we had to use a microphone to speak despite that we were facing each other, this scene seemed unreal.

In short, the 'Sibling's conversation' could be started now. First, Sagiri said:

[How did you know?]

Although the voice was louder now, but she still preferred simple words.

"You meant 'How did I know that you are Eromanga-sensei'?"

Hearing my translation, Sagiri nodded once.

[…This is my main concern. Otherwise I wouldn't have let you in.]

"……"

I thought that she got a change of heart after knowing that I'm Izumi Masamune and let me in. Looked like that wasn't the case. She let me in only because she was concerned about how I found out about her identity.

--- I was too arrogant.

Although I never kept my hopes up regarding my little sister, the truth made me feel a bit disappointed. I answered truthfully:

"There was the supper I made for you on the screen."

[Ah]

Sagiri thought for a second and said:

[…But, but… not any other time, but you choose that time to watch my live video?]

"Yeah, that's one of the reasons…."

I told her everything from the beginning.

About how after the autograph event ended, I was afraid of my identity being exposed. So I searched the Internet and encountered 'Eromanga-sensei's blog', which had an article about this event. Then I asked my friend and found out about the live scheduled video – I told her everything

"Then you know the rest. After I knew your identity, I saw you forgot to turn off the camera and started undressing ----"

[Ack!]

Sagiri blushed furiously. She probably imagined that she almost let the whole world see her naked.

[Good. Then… I know.]

"I see."

……..

The room was filled with a heavy silence again. Sagiri was normally always afraid of strangers, while I was tensed. It was understandable that we both became silent. After a long time, finally she said:

[…I knew it. Onii-san, you are Izumi Masamune-sensei.]

"Yeah, true. Eromanga-sensei."

[I, I don't know anyone by that name]

*Say, if you are embarrassed about it, why did you pick that nickname in the first place?*

*However…*

"Just now you said 'I knew it'. Did you notice before?"

Sagiri shook her head.

[During our first meeting, I noticed that your name and 'his name' were the same."

"…..I see."

We first met each other a year ago. But we had been working together for two years before that. It was more amazing than in a novel. I couldn't believe it.

[…I never thought that you are the same person.]

I really never thought that. Sagiri muttered.

[Because… the chance for this to happen…]

Exactly what I thought too. We really think the same.

[…About that…for now…proof and stuff….]

"Proof? To prove myself as Izumi Masamune? I got a lot."

Like ---

"Like the first illustration that Eromanga-sensei made for my heroine."

Thinking back – that was when I made my debut. The first time someone made an illustration out of my character.

"Back then I was.. I was very happy. I remembered it like yesterday. I was so grateful that I wrote like a hundred pages of manuscripts as thanks for Eromanga-sensei."

[!...That… it was like yesterday for me too. I remembered that you said something about how it would be better if the breasts were a bit bigger and things like that.]

"Can you please say that you already forgot about it?"

But this is something that only Izumi Masamune and Eromanga-sensei knew about.

"Back then… sorry."

[…You… really are… Izumi-sensei.]

Sagiri moved her right hand toward her left chest before slowly standing up. This probably an unconscious act, but because of that her pajama's button was opened, and her white chest was revealed !

"I told you so."

I tried my damn best to look away from my little sister's breast.

*I… Why is my head empty now?!*

*As a brother, I should be able to calmly face my naked little sister!*

[…….]

"……."

Another silence. Both of us were shocked, we were trying to absorb the news.

"I never thought that I'm living under the same roof as Eromanga-sensei."

[…Even now, I can't believe it… And I don't know anyone with that name.]

We didn't look at each other, our conversation broke into fragments.

[…About… it is too sudden.. what to do now…]

"Ah… in short."

Although I still have many things to say, but right now I couldn't think of any. Thus I clapped my hand together and made a praying pose:

"Sorry for making you draw an Ero-illustrations!"

[I, Idiot!!]

"Don't shout while using a microphone!!"

I quickly covered my ears.

Ugh ~~

My ears kept ringing for a while. So dangerous ---

"What if my eardrum burst! Idiot!"

[You, you are the idiot!]

Sagiri put both of her hands on her face.

[Ero! Pervert! This time too! Today too! Toward a girl! You said you want to do that! …! Definitely not!]

This girl… looked like as soon as her embarrassment passed a certain level, she would attack whoever was in front of her by reflex. Probably it was also the reason she threw her game controller at me before.

"…Don't get so angry. I only wanted to apologize to my little sister who had helped me draw Ero-illustration."

*By the way, you have no right to tell me that in your 'no bra and opened pajama button' state.*

*The current 'Eromanga-sensei' is way more ero.*

[Ero-illustration is a job, it's fine if I like them! But you aren't allowed!]

*…So you like Ero-illustration?*

Of course I didn't say it out loud.

"Why?"

[…Oh]

Hearing my question, Sagiri once again looked down and blushed even more.

"Sagiri, despite that you like Ero-illustration, why don't you want to talk about Ero-illustration?"

I asked her. Not like I wanted to force a question out of her or anything, just pure curiosity. But as soon as those words left my mouth.

[…Oh… oh…. that…]

"Hey?"

[How could I say that out!]

*Bang bang*

"It hurt! You! You hit me with your controller again!"

[Onii-san is an idiot! Idiot! Big idiot!]

*She is clearly throwing a tantrum*

But it's not like I care. Since her voice is too small, I rarely got a chance to hear.

"I understand. I won't ask again. Sorry."

[…It's good that you understood.]

Sagiri shrugged her shoulders.

*As expected of a hikikomori. The skill to stop something midway is truly fearsome.*

But the full erotic display of my little sister made me unable to look at her directly. Because her pen name 'Eromanga' made me automatically think of that connection

Eromanga-sensei truly is ero. Just like the name said.

Sagiri's pure white face blushed again, she pointed at me.

[Oh oh oh… besides… Onii-san… you are at fault at many things too!]

"Exactly what 'many things' are you talking about?"

[For, for example… right! You spent most of your daybreak at home!]

"I'm a novelist, of course I have to stay at home during weekends to work!"

[…You didn't even go outside during summer break?]

"It was the same. I was near dead from overworking. I had to work a few days without any rest… I even forgot to cook your meal."

[Wait a sec! So you didn't plan on forcing me outside by cutting off my food?]

"I just forgot. I never intended to let you starve. Did your mother do something like that to you?"

[Onii-san, you did that to me!]

*Yeah, looking at the result….*

[Kuh… no matter how hard I hit the floor, there was no food… Do you understand?]

Maybe she remembered those pitiful memories, a tear fell from her beautiful eyes.

"You could have just come outside and ate something."

[I felt that I would lose if I came outside.]

"That line sounds famous, but the way you said it didn't look cool one bit."

Compared to my job, your hikikomori status was on a higher level.

[During summer break, Onii-san always stayed at home and never went away, so I couldn't even take a bath… even going to the toilet was so scary..]

Well, that's true.

My room was on the first floor and Sagiri's room on the second floor also had a toilet, so she could have sneaked into it.

[Because Onii-san always stays at home, I'm worried that you don't have any friends.]

"Your worry is groundless!"

*I do have! Friends huh?! I have a friend! Like Tomoe!*

*And.. and… I don't need anyone else!*

[Since you have no friend nor girlfriend, your novel didn't look very convincing when dealing with friendship or love]

"You have no right to say that to me! Besides, it's not going to affect my work! I know one of my senpai's who is not only better than me, he is also a two-timer!"

[Because he is a good writer. But you probably can't do that, right?]

"…Don't speak about it like it's the truth."

*I'm still a newbie, okay?*

*Kuh… this girl…..*

I pointed my finger at Sagiri.

"What about you? Those battle illustrations also looked quite ero!"

[What!?]

Sagiri's eyes widened.

[You, you dare to say something that shouldn't be said…. because your description was easy to misunderstand!]

"I told you to get more reference data! Your illustration…for example, the gun-holding posture, is so miserable!"

[I don't know the right way to hold a gun! If you have any complaint, why didn't you give me some references? Not just reference, why did you give me no warning before suddenly making a new request? I had no way to know how to draw those girls!]

"Because even if I gave you a warning you won't follow it anyway! While the novel was continuing, your illustrations kept changing!"

I made a fixed height on all the characters, yet when the illustrations came out, if you put them side by side you can notice some of them only reached the others shoulder.

[But… but it's cuter that way!]

"You mean you just drew whatever you wanted! In that case, why should I continue asking you for illustrations?!"

[You can't do that! Onii-san's novel would lose popularity!]

"Ughhhhhhhhh……."

[Kuhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh…]

Both of us leaned toward each other and gritted our teeth.

That was a perfect example of how easy a disagreement can break out between a novelist and an illustrator. Thus to avoid that, most of the time novelists and illustrators contact each other through their editor.

[Hm!]

We both turned our heads away.

After a moment of silence, I tried to speak in my most natural voice:

"Say, why did you do that?"

[…You meant why did I become an illustrator? It wasn't something special. There are a lot of middle school girls with better drawings than me.]

"I didn't mean that."

I'm an example of who someone started working as a student. This wasn't something too special.

My question didn't regard this ---

Up until now, I thought that after Sagiri lost her parent, she fell into depression and became a hikikomori.

But now I found out that my little sister was so active at her work, so I was a bit taken back.

"Drawing illustrations, making live video feeds, speaking with fans…."

[What… you meant this?]

"Ah, well, why did you decide to do all of that?"

[Can't, can't I?]

"Of course you can"

I immediately replied. Then I tried to make my tone as gentle as possible.

"Although I feel that badmouthing your co-worker on your blog , or me in this case is not a good thing. But making live video feeds and stuff is okay, there is no problem with that."

"……."

Sagiri didn't say anything, she just stared at me.

"Is something wrong?"

I felt my heart tighten a bit.

About a dozen second later, Sagiri slowly said:

"…Because it's fun. All of them: drawing illustrations, making live videos, chatting with everyone."

She didn't use the microphone. She said that with her own voice .

"……"

"……"

Another silence. Then…

"…That.. Onii-san also didn't plan to ask about this?"

"Not that". I shook my head. "This is what I wanted to ask."

She drew illustrations and made videos because it was fun.

Uhm, that's good to hear. I'm very satisfied with this answer.

"Really?"

"Ah, if possible I would like to ask more than this. From the beginning, everything. Because I knew absolutely nothing about you ---"

I'm so useless. We have lived together for a year under the same roof.

"….."

Sagiri thought about it for a while, once again picking her microphone up and said:

[At first, drawing… Mom taught me.]

"!"

[When I was small, they were simple pictures or postcards with a picture. I was very happy… Then, no, I don't know since when… I became a pro.. Mom said I'm amazing… she praised me….]

Although there were some fragmented parts, Sagiri finished her sentence.

So the one who taught Eromanga-sensei to draw is Sagiri's mother.

[When mom wasn't here… there was a time when I couldn't draw anything….]

Now that you mentioned it --- I remembered a time like that too .

[And since I couldn't go outside… I didn't know what to do… then by chance, I saw some live video made by other illustrators.]

I focused all of my senses, trying to not miss anything.

[That guy was chatting happily with everyone while drawing. During that time, he could even hear his fan's opinions… When I watched his video, I was very envious and I also wanted to do... something like that.]

"I see."

[And then I tried it once… It was very fun. Everyone watched my illustration and told me it was cute. When they saw how I drew it, they were surprised and told me that I'm amazing. They even asked me for a copy. I was sitting alone at home, but I could became friends with everyone in the world. I could enjoy chatting with them, enjoy pointless stuff. Then I felt ---]

Just like she was having a good dream, Sagiri blushed.

[Emotional.]

-- *Ah ah.*

*I understand how you felt* .

[I wanted my illustrations to be better. I wanted more people to see my illustrations. During that time, since I had no work, everything I could think of is about live video… not only about illustrations, I started to play games with everyone… Then ... unconsciously, I became completely addicted ... hehe.]

"I see."

*So that was what happened. Totally understandable* .

"The truth is, I also became a novelist because I saw how happy a guy could be when he shared his novel on the Internet with everyone."

[…Is that so?]

"Ah.. well, before I made my debut… I tried to write something on the Internet."

Then I received my first message from a fan.

I was happy. Very, very happy.

That was how I turned out like this today.

[….Is that so.. Izumi-sensei…]

"Hmm? Sensei?"

[Ah! Nothing, nothing at all!]

Sagiri apprehensively waved her hands.

"What 'nothing' did you just say?"

[I just meant that Onii-san also wrote Internet novels!]

"Really? By the way, during the live video feed, your voice sounded like a male's. Why?"

[Because… I was scared… and embarrassed too…]

What did she mean by that? Let me think for a second.

What would happened if Sagiri didn't pretend that she was a male?

Probably the live video would receive different reactions.

Even if she didn't want to, someone will sooner or later screamed 'A girl drew this!'. Of course I didn't mean it's a bad thing, but there is always some weirdo among fans. For a twelve years old girl, she probably felt a bit scared.

"I see. I understand."

I couldn't help but chuckle.

[What are you laughing for?]

"No, just, I couldn't imagine that someday I could talk with you like this."

[…..]

Sagiri's hand clenched into a fist.

When I was wondering what was she thinking, Sagiri said:

[I only let you into my room… Don't get carried away.]

She continued:

[This doesn't mean that I opened my heart to you, Onii-san.]

"…Sure."

Although she called me 'Onii-san', that didn't mean we are brother and sister.

The tense atmosphere returned.

[…This is a rare chance… so I want to ask… why did you take care of me. You must know that.. someone like me.]

"Only causes trouble for others?"

[…Big, big trouble.]

Right. True, this should be the case…Well, it can't be helped. If back then, I didn't have an outburst towards our guardian, we probably would have been torn apart.

"So, you want to ask why I decided to take care of you?"

Sagiri nodded.

"You really want to know?"

[…Yes, I do. Because it clearly wasn't because I was working on your novel's illustrations. Until now, you didn't know about it, yet you still took care of me."]

*Yeah, just like you said.*

"You want to know huh."

I raised one of my finger.

"Then let's make trade."

[Huh?]

"Let's trade. When I answer your question, allow me to propose a condition."

[……..]

"……"

We silently looked at each other.

"You can't?"

[I, I want to hear your condition first]

"Don't worry, it's nothing big."

[…No perverted stuff.]

"I'm not going to ask that kind of condition! Why do you think that I'm going to ask your for something perverted?"

[Because until now, you only asked me for ero illustration.]

Although that reasoning kind of make sense, but that was because of work. Not to mention back then, I thought you were a male!

*This girl… she clearly liked ero illustrations the most.*

"As a brother, I'm not going to do something pervert to my little sister."

*This is normal, right?*

[…So, what condition are you going to ask me?]

I smiled and said:

"Stop being a hikikomori and go outside."

[Don't wanna.]

"Really? Okay."

[Ha?]

Sagiri's eyes widened.

"Since you don't agree to trade, how about adding your own condition too?"

[Wow… but, can I ?]

"Of course. It's meaningless if I force you."

[Uhm… this is fine.]

Sagiri looked down and muttered something.

"Of course, I'm going to keep my word. Then hear my answer. I take care of you because --- "

I purposely trailed off. Sagiri sat up right.

I answered:

"Because you are my little sister… Besides, mom asked me to take care of you."

[…This is your reason?]

"Yes."

*Why didn't she reply 'I see' ?*

I scratched my chin, said:

"A year ago, when you were left all alone, I remembered that mom once told me 'take good care of her for me'. I always wondered what exactly I should do? How am I going to 'take good care of her'? Even now, I didn't fully understand. But at least that was what I had done for a year."

[…I don't get it at all.]

"Well, that's fine."

*Ah, what am I saying .*

[This is not a laughing matter, don't lie to me.]

"Well, how should I put it. I feel that right now, I'm taking care of you better than her. But we even live under the same roof, yet we never see each other, I feel a bit lonely. You are my cute little sister, not only did I want to take good care of you, I want to eat a meal with you and the like."

Fortunately, I had the ability to protect this lifestyle.

[…We didn't talk that much.]

"In fact, we never had any conversation at all. A start like now is great."

[…It doesn't matter if it isn't me, right? If you feel lonely, then not going to a troublesome little sister like me sounded like a good choice.]

*Looks like she's still conscious about her situation.*

"No, I want to get along with you."

[Why?]

"Because we are family."

[Family? We?]

"Yes."

I firmly replied.

"Because we are living together."

[…Really? I don't think so. Even if we are living together, that doesn't make us family.]

Sagiri stood up and pointed at the door.

[I said everything I wanted to say. Get out, Onii-san.]

"Okay."

I didn't push it and walked toward the door. As soon as I'm outside, I turned around and said:

"Sagiri."

[What?]

"Thank you for your commemorating illustration."

I finally said what I wanted to say.

[-------]

My little sister paused for a second, but she quickly returned to her emotionless expression and said:

[Don't be stupid. I only drew that illustration for you because I like to draw.]

Then she turned away and closed the door.

# Chapter 2

# エロマンガ先生

ero manga sensei

## 第二章

A few days had passed since I entered my little sister's room.

After the two of us became aware of each other's 'true identity', I thought that something would change, yet nothing happened. Once more, we returned to our normal lifestyle.

Sagiri didn't come out of her room, while I kept going to school and took care of the house as usual.

*Even if we are living together, that doesn't make us family.*

"You're right. I knew that without you telling me."

But still, I had decided to become her family, become her elder brother. I'm not going to feel down just because of this.

Just then ---

*Bang bang bang bang*!

The meal time reminder sound came from the ceiling.

"Alright alright alright! I'm coming!"

Just like usual, I brought breakfast to my little sister's room.

"Ugh…um…."

I stretched my back and relaxed my body. Today is Saturday, I didn't have to go to school.

Normally, I plan to work nonstop from Friday till Sunday night, so during Saturday mornings I'm still motivated. Since I didn't have to go to school, I should do something more meaningful than usual -- any part-time novelist like me would think so too, right?

"Let's take a bath first before going shopping."

*If I stayed at home, Sagiri would be troubled.*

Just when I was thinking that…

*Ding dong* . The doorbell rang.

"Oh Sagiri ~ go open the door ~"

I shouted toward my little sister's room. Of course her reaction is --

*Bang*

Like that….

"You don't have to be that angry, you know…."

The situation just now…my dream was that as soon as I told her that, my little sister would say 'Coming ~♪' and open the door for the guest… Looks like I've still got a long way to go.

*Bang bang bang bang*!

"Coming ~♪"

The sad truth was that I'm the one who opened the door.

*But it was strange. Who would bother to ring the doorbell?*

"Anyone home ~! Anyone home ~!"

When I was at the entrance, I hear a girl's energetic voice. I pulled the handle and opened the door.

"Who are ~ wow!"

I was temporarily speechless. Because in front of me was a stunningly beautiful girl.

A white and navy blue sailor uniform. Long brown hair reflected the sunlight.

But, what gave me the deepest impression was her unforgettable smile. She looked so full of life that just by looking, people would feel fired up.

If she were a game character, then without a doubt she would have had a holy attribute. I could almost see the positive aura coming from her.

"……."

Without saying a word, I looked back at the second floor.

*…Totally different from my little sister.*

That was what I thought.

Although my little sister was very adorable, with her morbid white skin, her petite body, her non-developed chest, her weak voice and sometimes her soul-devouring smile….

She is, without a doubt, a dark attribute. Her aura simply had a negative atmosphere.

Although she's got her cute side too, but ---

When I was deep in thought, I suddenly noticed that there was still a surprised girl in front of me.

"Ah ah sorry. Excuse me -- um, sorry, who are you?"

*Why did such a beautiful girl come to my house?*

She briefly showed a 'Good question' expression, then struck a pose and introduced herself:

"My name is Jinno Megumi, I'm Izumi Sagiri's classmate!"

"Sagiri's…classmate?"

"That's right!"

*She is Sagiri's classmate? She's in the same class as her? Unbelievable ! She looked quite mature! I would have never thought that just a while*

*ago she was still an elementary schoolgirl. She looked about the same age as me!*

"Sorry, Onii~san, are you Izumi-chan's elder brother?"

"Ah, yes,"

"But you aren't related by blood right?"

"……..You can say that."

*This girl…you shouldn't say this out directly like that.*

"Based on what I heard, you two are now living together, right …?"

"We have a guardian. We don't live alone."

I gave her a half-truth…Since our guardian never came home, the fact remained that we live together alone now… but this isn't something an outsider should know. It would only complicate things.

Megumi "Um ~" once. I had no idea what was going on in her mind.

From what she had said so far, I got the feeling that she only came here to gather intel on my home.

Today was a day break, but she was a wearing uniform. Did she come here because of something related to school?

"About that…Jinno-san, right?"

"Call me Megumi ~ everyone at school calls me that."

*Not only am I not your friend, I'm not even your classmate. Don't you feel embarrassed when using that nickname?*

…But I couldn't just rebuke her like that, so I said:

"Okay, Megumi-san…right?"

"No no! That's not okay!"

"I can't?"

*I never thought I'd be refused…*

"I want to get along with Onii-san. If you can't call me Megumi-chan, how about 'Megumi' instead?"

Megumi made a 'please' pose and she bowed to me.

*What is with this girl? She acts like were close friend already.*

"Got it. Please take care of me, Megumi."

"Good!"

*What a brilliant smile*

She looked so cute that I bet she could capture any normal male's heart without a fight.

"So then, why are you here? Do you have something for Sagiri?"

"……"

"Hmm? What's wrong?"

Just when I asked that, Megumi made an unhappy expression.

"What!? So strange ~ there is no way he would be interested in boys right?"

Suddenly she said something unbelievable. This girl has got quite an imagination.

"Onii~san, are you perhaps gay?"

"No! How did you reach that conclusion?"

"But ~ I tried to smile so much for you, yet you didn't move a bit."

*….This…this girl…she looks like an angel, but inside she is like a demon.*

*So this brat pretends to act this way huh? Quite scary. She just graduated from elementary school, right?*

"I agree that you are cute, but not on the level that can cause love at first sight."

"Mwu ~"

Megumi pouted.

*Idiot. For me - the one who washed my little sister's underwear – who is also cuter than you, there is simply no one that could cause me to fall in love with them immediately.*

Megumi said:

"Since you said you have no reaction towards your family member, does that mean your little junior is useless, Onii~san?"

"Yeah yeah that's right ------ wait what???"

A long silence.

*What? What did I just hear this girl say?*

"You…you…you just graduated from elementary school, right?"

"What if it's true?"

"And you are the same age as my little sister?"

"What if it's true?"

"Just now, did you say little junior?"

*What am I saying! If I misheard just now, then my social standing is done for!*

*The news would report this:*

*[Tragic News] : Light novel's author, Izumi Masamune-sensei, was caught being sexually harassed by a beautiful twelve year old girl.*

Like that. but…but…

"Yes? Is something strange with that? I like little junior the most !"

"The most?"

"Yes. Every girl my age likes little junior the most!"

*Impossible! This, this, this is impossible! Girl's your age? You meant sixth graders? Girls today are that messed up?*

"No….no…it can't be… It's impossible…"

*What would Japan's future be!? When I was an elementary schooler, I knew nothing about this stuff…Could it be that I was the only one? That the truth is those innocent looking girls….? Wah wah ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!*

Megumi returned her eyes to me, said:

"Ehe ~ don't be so surprised. I bet that Onii-san's little sister also likes little junior too."

"That is absolutely impossible!"

*I want to kill you already Megumi! We just met, yet you already gave me weird thoughts!*

*Damn! What is going on here? My good impression about her was totally destroyed in just a few minutes!*

Suddenly, Megumi turned to the troubled me and said:

"It was a joke."

"……"

"I was only joking. Really, Onii~san, you overthought."

Megumi laughed cheerfully

So that was a joke? Elementary schoolers can still can be saved? But while I still have many question, I didn't have the strength to voice them.

"Okay, back to the main topic."

"…Whatever you say."

My shoulders dropped. Then Megumi said:

"I'm Izumi-chan's class rep."

"Ha?"

*Class rep? This girl? This impure girl who made a bad joke with a member of the opposite sex is a class rep?*

"Ah, you don't believe me do you ~ But I'm telling the truth ~"

*Even in that case, I bet everyone voted for you because they wanted to get rid of a problem, not because they agreed that you are the most suitable candidate.*

Class rep Megumi coughed twice and said:

"I want to bring Izumi-chan back to school."

She finally spoke her true reason.

"Sorry for intruding ~"

"Please sit down."

"Okay ~"

I led Megumi to the living room. I didn't want to bring a shameless girl like this into the house, but after hearing her reason, I couldn't just tell her to return.

Then I returned to the kitchen.

Because I… Mom really liked cooking, so our kitchen is well-equipped. Every time I saw the equipment that I've never used, I couldn't help but silently apologize to it.

Picking up a random fruit juice bottle, I came back to the living room to see Megumi already sitting on the sofa and looking around.

Noticing me, she said 'Ah, thank you.'

"What are you looking at?"

"I'm looking at your extremely cute calendar."

"Ah, that huh?"

There was a calendar of one of my works in the living room. That was one of the rare merchandise that I bought. Right now it showed April, with the first volume's cover of 'The Silver Wolf's Reincarnation'

"I just like that kind of novel-calendar"

I answered to Megumi with no intention of telling her that I'm the author.

"Ha ~ Not only does Izumi-chan like it, but Onii-san too? Could it be that you are the in-house type?"

"You can say that."

True, I had no way to rebuke that. Besides, that was one of Sagiri's illustrations which I quite liked. But I don't like the fact that Megumi might not take it very well. She was the straightforward type, meaning the next words coming could be ' disgusting' or something like that.

I tried my best to keep a poker face while mentally preparing myself. However…

"Not bad."

Megumi said.

"Actually, I'm the same too ~ I liked to read manga a lot when I was small."

"Hah, what a surprise. What have you read?"

"I liked 'One Piece' the most!"

"…I see."

*Hah ~ 'One Piece' huh! What a great manga! I liked that too!*

This was a chance for me to have a casual talk with this girl. Maybe I could pull it off.

Still, while I knew that weekly manga is good, was that enough to say this girl is a fan? Couldn't she have just said that because ' everyone said that it was good'? I couldn't help but think about it.

"Say, about Izumi-chan."

Megumi began the main topic.

However, I put the fruit juice down, told her 'Please wait' and walked towards 'The never opened door'. Passing the stairs, I stood in front of it.

…Although I had no hope, but maybe a one in a million chance …

I don't want to give up on this chance, so I called:

"Sagiri ~ your classmate is here ~"

One second. Two seconds. Three seconds.

*Bang bang*

"…She sounded angry."

It turned out that way again…can't be helped…

I turned away from 'The never opened door' and tiredly returned to the living room. And then ---

Beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep!!! My cellphone rang in my pocket. An unknown number appeared on the screen. I picked up and put the phone to my ear.

"Hello. It's Masamune. Who might you be ---"

[It's me.]

"Sagiri!"

I shouted. Although her voice was small, it was my little sister's voice, no doubt.

[Yes.]

"Sure enough!.. Say, why are you calling me when you are inside?"

*What is the meaning of this? She even had a cellphone? Did she buy it online or something?*

*Anyway, little sister's cellphone number – GET* [7]

[This is the only way for me to communicate with you without opening the door.]

"It's okay, but I can't believe you know my number."

[…Isn't it better this way?]

I felt a little curious, but I got the feeling I won't get an answer if I pressed on.

[About that…Onii-san, what is the situation?]

"What situation --- ah, your class rep is now sitting in our living room."

[Why, why did you let that person in !!!!! O..Onii-san, do you want to kill me?]

"Wow wow !"

Suddenly her voice became much louder! Like she was using a microphone!

"What are you saying? I only thought that maybe that person could get you out of the room."

[I won't come out! I will never never never never never come out! Never never never!! Chase her out!!]

"Ack…."

Well, I already knew that getting Sagiri out is an extremely difficult task. However, having my little sister hate me is my absolute limit.

Thus, this is a good chance. I couldn't afford to waste it.

"It's not really nice to just chase someone away…How about you temporarily come out and listen to her?"

[It's useless.]

"Just try and listen first – using a phone is fine, do you want to talk with her---"

[No!]

*What a quick answer.*

"I understand. Then goodbye."

[Wait…wait…]

"Yes?"

[……That class rep…is a girl?]

"Ah right, a cute girl in fact."

*Although she's got a dirty mind.*

[…….]

"…Sagiri?"

[….I will not talk to her. However….]

"However?"

A moment of silence. But I patiently waited.

[Don't hang up. Just carry it with you…don't let her find out.]

"…That means..."

*Crank….* The answer was a small sound that came from 'The never opened door'. From a gap, something came at me.

I picked it up and said:

"…You want me to carry this?"

[….Yes.]

Sagiri just threw me a pair of wireless earbuds.

When I returned to the living room, Megumi was peacefully sitting on the sofa, a big portion of her thighs exposed.

"Sorry to keep you waiting."

I walked toward Megumi. My cellphone was placed on my chest pocket, one earbud in my ear. This way, I could hear both outside sounds and Sagiri while Megumi couldn't hear Sagiri.

"Oh my, Onii-san, where is Izumi-chan? Didn't you go get her?"

I shook my head.

"Could it be that she isn't home?"

"Not exactly. In contrast, she can't be more at home."

"What a strange way of speaking."

*Because she was 'at home' so much to the point that it's unimaginable*
.

"Let's leave that aside for now. If she's home why didn't she come here?"

"Because she refused to leave her room."

"……."

Maybe I was too straightforward, Megumi was shocked.

I told her bluntly:

"What do you think? Incurable right?"

"Please don't tell me that's that case."

Megumi tapped the tea cup and lectured me.

"Mwu ~~ I never thought that she not only wouldn't come to school, but that she doesn't even leave her room….To think her hikikomori's status was that bad…."

Megumi hugged her head and unexpectedly said that. But she quickly continued:

"By the way, Onii-san, do you think it's okay?"

"Of course not. She has refused to come out since a year ago. I have already tried many solutions…but none of them work."

"In other words, our goal is the same."

"Well…you can say so."

It wasn't exactly the same, but I'm too lazy to explain to her. The truth is, I only hoped that Sagiri would come out of her room.

"Then, Onii-san, we are allies now, right?"

Megumi's hand clenched into a fist, she told me that.

"Allies huh…?"

I felt no motivation.

…Because this girl looked quite useless to me.

"Alright, don't sit there. Come here and sit next to me."

Megumi tapped the seat next to her.

I hesitated slightly, due to the fact that I planned to sit in front of her.

"Hurry hurry. Don't hesitate! Hurry!"

"…You sound like this is your home."

In the end, I sat down next to Megumi like she said.

"Ehehehe ~~ Next to ~ Onii-san ♪"

*What an annoying girl. My favorable points toward you had dropped again.*

[….Say, Onii-san.. this girl…is so annoying..]

Sagiri sounded troubled.

[You too Onii-san, are you an idiot? You are getting carried away…useless.]

*Wah wah wah wah wah!!! My little sister's favor points towards me are dropping!!!*

No! It's not like that Sagiri….! Although I wanted to explain, it was impossible in my current situation.

"Oh my ~ Onii-san~ What is wrong? Your face is so red ? Ah! Could it be ~ that you are embarrassed ~ Eheheheh, so cute ~"

*Embarrassed my ass! Megumi! I…I was trying to hold my regret in check!*

"Al, alright, that's enough. Back to the main topic – you said that you wanted us to become allies…right?"

"Yes. Hehe ~ what should we call our alliance? How about ' Take Izumi-chan out of her room alliance'?"

"What kind of name is that?"

"A name to convey our alliance's reason and goal."

True, it certainly had a feeling of determination, to never give up. But that was the exact reason that gave me a bad feeling.

"Before that, I have something to ask. Why do you want to make Sagiri come out?"

"Of course to make her go to school!"

"…Then why do you want to make her go to school? I know that you are her class rep, but this is not a reason to be so worked up…I can't think of an answer."

"I want to become her friend."

Megumi gently answered.

"After the entrance ceremony, I had become friends with everyone my age except Izumi-chan."

*…Did, did this girl just casually say something very extraordinary?*

*Become friends? With 'everyone my age'? She, she didn't mean just her classmates right?*

"One of my classmates didn't go to school – thus everyone was worried. Beside, this is something suitable for a class rep to solve too. Since I have some experience with that myself, I think this is something I could do."

"You, you said you had experience.. that means…?"

"Back then when I was in elementary school."

*What an unbelievable girl.*

[Tell that hypocritical girl to get lost already!]

*Don't say that Sagiri…at least...maybe it's worth looking forward to?*

Megumi started laughing.

"I have already became everyone's friend, so I'm looking forward to bring Izumi-chan out of her room."

Now that I think about it, this girl called Sagiri 'Izumi-chan'.

[We have never met, yet she shamelessly tried to get close….]

She didn't even think she would be rejected – or rather, she was never afraid of being rejected.

[That kind of girl is what I hate most]

I hear my little sister say in an ice-cold tone.

"I see. I get it completely. So how are you going to do it?"

I impatiently asked. If I teamed up with her, maybe I really could bring my little sister outside.

"Onii-san, before that I have something to ask. Do you know what Izumi-chan does in her room everyday?"

"About that…."

In an instant, I feared that this girl saw Sagiri's live video and found out.

"Normally, hikikomori spend all of their time in front of their computers. If that's the case, then with the help of her family, I have a secret solution to drag her out."

*Don't say it so forcefully, will you?*

"Yeah, in some ways you can say that she spends all of her time on her computer…so what is your secret solution?"

Megumi raised one finger and smiled:

"Cut her off from the internet."

"……."

[……]

*Is this girl for real?*

*This…this is your solution?*

*Too simple. Too straightforward. Too crude. How is that a secret solution?*

"…Wow? Why don't you say anything, Onii-san? Alright, now go call your internet provider and cut off the root of all evil!"

Scared…I was so scared of this girl…..

To think that she would suggest this!

"You, you aren't human! Do you want to become a god?"

"Why does it become so exaggerated?"

"Cutting her off from the Internet is too much! If I was a hikikomori, I wouldn't be sure what I would do in my desperation! "

Maybe she would come out, but that solution will leave an irreparable scar in our relationship.

"Wow? For real?" Megumi asked in confusion:

"As long as you have friends, you have no need for computers and internet, right?"

"Wh, what?"

She said that so naturally, so convincingly that I was stunned for a second.

"Could it be that without a friend, even the internet becomes meaningless? No friends huh ~ then what did she do with her computer…so strange…."

"No wait….there is…."

Megumi tilted her head. Seemed like my answer confused her.

"There is.. a lot…."

"A lot?"

*Yes. Like writing novels. Drawing illustrations. Reading forum posts. Listening to music. Playing games. Even working.*

*Computers surely are the best things in the world.*

*It's something that can surpass friends. You can say that as long as you have a computer, you might not need a friend.*

*Am I wrong? Is my way of thinking wrong?*

--- Of course I couldn't say that out loud.

"There, there are a lot of things you can do with a computer…. it's very interesting. You can say that it's fine even if you don't have friends."

Hearing my explanation, Megumi raised her lips:

"What!? Isn't it more fun to chat with your friends at school?"

[Fun my asssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss!!!!!]

Sagiri wailed from the bottom of her soul.

*Zziiiiiiiiiiizzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz* A terrify sound attacked my ears.

Thankfully, I was using the headphone. Otherwise my ear drums would be gone by now.

"…..Ah….ha….."

My vision blurred – I fell forward.

"Hey Onii-san! Are you okay!?"

"I'm fine. I'm fine. It's nothing….."

I tried to suppress my ringing ear and stood up.

"Just now, that sound….."

"Sound? What sound? What are you talking about?"

I tried to hide it…but from the look of it, my effort was wasted. The sound just now could be heard even without the headphone.

"…..*Stare*."

Megumi carefully took a look at my ear.

"I see … Izumi-chan…is listening…right?"

[…Onii-san, hurry and lie.]

*Don't ask something impossible.*

"Ha ~ you found out….can't be helped."

I pointed at my wireless headphone

[Onii-san!]

Sagiri screamed in rage. She's probably going to hang up right now.

"Please wait! Izumi-chan! STOP! Don't hang up!"

Megumi raised a hand and shouted.

"If you hang up now ~~ you will regret it later."

[…What is this girl saying.]

*Even if you ask, I don't know how to answer.*

"Hm hm ~"

Megumi showed a mischievous smile.

I couldn't help but shudder.

"Wh, what are you doing….."

[……]

Even Sagiri noticed that something wasn't right, she didn't hang up immediately.

Now, I was sitting next to Megumi on the sofa.

Then she leaned toward me….from my position, escape was impossible. Unlike my little sister, the citrus flavored perfume assaulted my senses...

"Ehehe ~ Onii-san ~ your heart seemed to be racing ~"

"Kuh...."

Megumi gave me a beautiful smile. At the same time, she started to rub herself to my chest just like a spoiled cat.

"Hey, hey...! Wait...! What are you doing?"

"Rub rub ♪ Rub rub ♪ Ehehe ~ Onii-san's smell feels so comfortable "

"..........!"

*What is going on?...Why, why, why is this girl suddenly rubbing herself against me? It's definitely not good!*

Although I could swear that I had no feelings towards her, but her fingers....

Megumi's slender arms hugged around my neck, then she leaned toward my earlobe and blew into it.

"Onii ~ san..."

Then she turned to my chest and whispered in a bewitching voice

"Onii-san...have you kissed a girl before?"

*Bang bang! Thud thud thud!*

Instanly, above us came a sound, like whoever caused it wanted to crash through the ceiling.

"... ... ... ..."

"... ... ... ..."

Both me and Megumi turned our heads above without saying anything.

" ----- Pfffffffff"

Megumi burst into laughter.

*Bang! Thud thud! Clang clang!*

Sagiri sounded pissed. Just now...that sound.....

*Megumi. Sagiri -- what exactly do you two want me to do?*

While I was trying to understand the situation...

"Ha!"

Megumi took the cellphone that still connected to Sagiri in my chest pocket.

"You..."

"I will take it ~ ♪"

Then as quick as a rabbit, she separated herself from me. Bringing the phone to her ear, she said:

"Izumi-chan, please to meet you! My name is Megumi ~"

"Hey, give it back!"

I hastily raised my hand --- but Megumi easily escaped.

"Oh, not good not good."

She slowly took a few steps away from me, then turned her back to me and started doing something suspicious.

"Hey! You! What are you doing?"

I walked toward Megumi, but she calmly turned back to me.

"Nothing nothing~ nothing at all."

Then she threw the phone back.

"Here. But she hung up."

I caught it and said:

"...What did you just do?"

"Who knows ~ what did I just do? Ahahahaha."

*What an annoying laughter.*

Megumi hid her hands from me and just laughed it off.

*This girl...definitely had some evil plans.*

*Still, now is not the time to worry about her.*

"I'm a bit worried. I'll go take a look."

"Ah, Izumi-chan is fine. She didn't get hurt or anything. Compared to that ---"

Suddenly, Megumi's tone became serious.

"Onii-san, can I ask you something? About Izumi-chan."

*As if I care! I'm worried about my little sister - I have to go check on her* ---- I really was going to say that.

Yet the next word came from my mouth was:

".....What?"

"What is Izumi-chan like? I have never seen her picture before."

"Sorry. Actually, even I don't have any pictures of Sagiri."

Of course, there should be some among Mom's stuff. But I felt that I shouldn't touch them.

"What is Sagiri like huh.... about that ---"

I gave her a straightforward answer:

"Firstly, she is extremely beautiful and cute."

*Crank*

"....."

Both me and Megumi looked above again. Sagiri...is making a fuss again.

However this time, it was different from the 'meal time' alert. This was the first time I heard this sound.

"Hoho... extremely beautiful and cute....Got it."

"Well, although at first glance she doesn't look like anything special, she has a delicate appearance that makes people hesitate to touch her. She has a feeling of a calm and charming girl -- however , as soon as you speak with her, she will show a soft and gentle expression. Maybe I was born just to see her smile."

*Crank Crank *

Another sound came from the ceiling, while Megumi was totally stunned.

*No good. I just said something so disgusting...actually, it sounded like a love letter...She might think of me as a siscon. Oh well, it's fine since Sagiri didn't hear that.*

"So ~ it's like that ~ hehehehe....."

"What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing! Phffff...then --- then what next?"

"Next huh?...Well...her illustrations are very good."

*She is a professional illustrator after all. But I don't need to tell Megumi that.*

"Oh ~ so Izumi-chan can draw too. By the way, what kind of illustration is it?"

"She is best at Ero-illustrations."

*Crank*

"....."

We looked above again...what is with this girl?

"Eh? Ero-illustrations?"

"Yes, she is very good at drawing Ero-illustrations!"

*Bang bang bang bang*

"Could it be that Izumi-chan....is an ero-girl?"

I nodded heavily.

"Big ero-girl."

Bang! Damn...so noisy...Even cockroaches would be running now.

"There was a time when she was having trouble choosing a very daring underwear ---"

"To wear?"

"To draw!!!"

*Why should I tell you - her classmate about what kind of underwear that my little sister used?*

Megumi patted her chest and relaxed:

"Haaaa? Really ~ you scared me ~ I thought that Izumi-san and Onii-san have some strange relationship."

"Stop your unreasonable misunderstanding immediately. We just live together, how could a brother and his little sister fall in love with each other?"

"....."

"Why didn't you say anything?"

"Nothing, nothing at all, don't worry. Just, well, I feel, eh...."

*What are you trying to say?*

"Anyway, this is my last question. Can I?"

Megumi's tone turned serious again. I also seriously replied:

"Please ask."

"Onii-san, what do you want your little sister to do?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean....do you really want her to go to school?"

"----------"

"Because today -- simply put, Onii-san acted like you are trying to protect your little sister from my clutches"

*Do I really want Sagiri to go to school? --- hmmm....*

"To tell the truth, I don't really want to."

"Ah, I knew it."

"Ahh...All I want is to make my little sister come out of her room. She doesn't have to go to school or anything."

*....In the end, my goal and Megumi's are not the same.*

"You meant...it's fine even if she doesn't go to school."

"Of course, it's better if she goes. But it's meaningless to force her --- I think that she still has a lot of time to think and decide for herself."

"...But what about compulsory education? She will never have any friends if she stays at home."

"Yes, you are right. But that's what I think."

This is something I could say only because I know of Eromanga-sensei's true indentity. A while ago, I might not have said something like this.

Of course, going to school is better than studying at home.

"But, well, how should I say it....You go to school in order to get a good job in the future or to have fun, right? Beside, everyone goes to school too. It's like you said, compulsory education."

Even I, who in theory can just stay at home and write my novel, still go to school. If I don't, it'd be very rude to the one who paid for my tuition fees. So I still go to school.

"....."You can't not go to school'–that's common sense now, so normally no one thinks so hard about it. So I can't really explain it. "

I just think....

"However, there are people who don't have fun at school, or who take jobs which don't require going to school... in short, people whose happiness isn't related to whether they go to school or not."

There are many people in the world, and many perspectives.

Just like me - a novelist. Some might say that my life is boring.

"....."

"And there are people who don't got to school, but still try their best everyday, enjoy everyday as much as possible for their future. "

"Is Izumi-chan like that?"

"Ahhh."

I nodded...It should be fine telling her this much...

"Sagiri....at first, I worried about what she did in her room everyday... I then found out that she tricked me and did something amazing."

"Something amazing?"

"Yes. Very amazing. More amazing than going to school."

"What exactly...."

"Sorry, I can't tell you that...however."

"However?"

"......I don't want Sagiri to hear what I'm about to say. Can you help me keep this a secret?"

"Okay. I swear that I will not repeat it to anyone."

Megumi seriously accepted my request. Her expression told me that she didn't lie.

I nodded and told her my true feelings.

"A while ago, I was thinking about making money and living independently ...that I would have to support my hikikomori little sister."

"You are amazing."

"But it turned out that I was thinking too much. Because she is much better than me."

*Maybe her income is higher than mine.*

"...Just now, you said 'she'd never make any friends if she stayed at home', 'without friends, a computer and internet is meaningless'."

"Yes I did say so. Is something wrong?"

"Here...just a 'what if situation'.... If you die, how many people do you think will cry for you?"

"Hm ~ let me think for a second."

Megumi thought for a while then answered:

"500? Around that number."

*Wow! Megumi-san...that is....wow.....*

"Okay, so...500...cough cough."

I coughed a few times and said:

"Sagiri might have more than that."

"....."

Megumi's eyes snapped wide open.

"Wow? What did you say?"

"Exactly what I said. Her friends who will cry for her -- although I'm not sure if they count as friends, but many count her as someone important. The industry that I'm a part of is one of them."

"Me too."

"Yeah, then you are one of them too. How is that? Isn't my little sister amazing?"

I raised my chest and proudly said:

"Even if she doesn't go to school, even if she doesn't come out of her room, she is my proud little sister. She is amazing. It's my honor to be her brother. I still don't want to lose like that, so I want her to acknowledge me...Thus, even if I hope that someday she will go to school --- until now, I never considered forcing her to go. "

That was all I had to say.

Megumi slowly nodded.

"I see. That was what Onii-san thought about Izumi-chan."

*Was it my imagination? It felt like she was talking to someone else.*

"Yes. As promised, keep it a secret for me."

"I understand. I will not repeat it to anyone. If I broke that promise, I would turn a blind eye if you did ero stuff with your family member."

"What a brat."

I smiled wryly.

Looks like we can communicate now.

"Then I'm going back."

"Thank you for today."

"It's nothing --- I will come back again. I will think of someway to make Izumi-chan go to school."

"....I don't think you will succeed anytime soon, but I'll wait."

I gave her my answer. Megumi also laughed "Ahahaha"

Then she took her cellphone out.

"Let's exchange numbers. As proof of our alliance ♪"

Making Izumi-chan come out huh ----

Megumi swung her cellphone back and forth, and said:

"Ehehehe ~ see you later, Onii-san."

"Good. See you later, Megumi."

*Bang*. The ceiling shook again.

After Megumi went back, I returned to the second floor to check on my little sister, but she totally ignored me. Even if I called her number, she didn't pick up.

".....Damn it."

....Back then, what did Megumi tell her? Why did she hit the floor again? Why did that sound so loud?....I've got a lot of questions for her.

".....But she didn't respond."

Although I'm used to it, I still got a bit angry.

"Can't be helped then."

Following my plan, I went outside after taking a bath.

To write a novel, each writer has their own way to draw inspiration. Mine is to take a bath. Let the hot water cover my entire body except the head, then begin brainstorming. As a result, I normally get a lot of good ideas.

If possible, I would like to take a bath as many times as possible everyday.

But that would be a waste of water, so I only bathe once per day .

When I thought about it, after I go out Sagiri might take a bath too, so I need to bathe first. Aside from my job, there was something important that I have to think about.

"My little sister is my illustrator."

I muttered to myself.

"Until now, I had no chance to contact my hikikomori little sister. No chance to beg her to come out. No chance to improve our relationship. But...."

Yes. But.

"But now...it's not the same."

A chance for me to contact my hikikomori little sister. A chance to improve my relationship with Sagiri.

Because she is my co-worker.

"....I will do it."

So simple, that didn't need to be spoken out.

--- Write a good novel.

The truth is, 90% of a writer's problem could be solved by that.

Q : I want to live independently, but I'm still a student. What should I do?

A : Write a novel.

Q : My old mental scar hurt, it didn't heal. What should I do?

A : Write a novel.

Q : My job is not going well, what should I do?

A : Write a novel.

Q : I have no money left in my card. My future doesn't look too bright. What should I do?

A : Write a novel.

Q : What should I do to improve my relationship with my little sister?

A : Hurry up and go write a novel!!!

"Okay!"

To live in independence. To earn money. No matter what, I will have to write a good novel. It's like hitting two birds with one stone.

I unconsciously switched my thinking back to work.

"First...let's check on with Kagurazaka-san."

I let myself sink into the bathtub and caused water to overflow outside.

On our previous meeting, my editor didn't look at my manuscript. So for now I could only come up with shallow ideas.

Soon, Kagurazaka-san will contact me. She will tell me which one will be used, or if both will be rejected. After three years of writing, I'm still afraid of that 'waiting time'.

It was the same when I was a newbie, when I waited for my reward.

I was lucky that my editor is the type who is quick on giving me a reply, compared to the type who will take three or four months to read a manuscript. Just thinking about it scared me. Hopefully, it's just an exaggerated rumor.

And so.

The answer to the question: what would a writer do when waiting for the results - simply put, it's different for each case. For example, one could try another work. Or take part in selling his

own work. Or do some paperwork. Or trying to think of a new idea.

When I was a newbie, there was a time that I was busy writing. However, I now had no urgent matters to take care of, no one came to demand money, nothing like 'you will die if you stop working'. Thus I could relax and search for new ideas.

So just in case all of my manuscripts are shot down, I could immediately continue.

That's why first things first, I need to prepare a new manuscript.

In our previous meeting, Kagurazaka-san scolded me, saying ' are you going to give me new manuscript each week?'. Actually, that was exactly what I planned to do.

However ---

"….Today I'm not in my best shape."

No matter how hard I tried, nothing good came up.

I always carelessly thought back to 'something else', getting myself distracted.

[ --- Onii-san's newest work! You have to make it good! Make people cry after reading!]

[ --- This republishing is worth celebrating! Onii-san, be sure to use more of my illustrations this time!]

[ --- Ah! It is going to be made into an anime, Onii-san!]

[ --- Look! The character that I drew is moving on the TV]

[ --- Meow meow ~! Onii-san! I like you the most *kiss kiss*]

"Ohahahahahaaha!!!!"

I jumped out of the bathtub.

"Damn damn damn damn! I have to think of something good, fast!!!!!"

*But I can't think of anything!*

Even though my mind was so clear, I didn't have any way to improve my work. So I could only go to the bookstore.

The best way to think of something good is to take a bath.

And the second best way ---

Is to read a good book!

After taking a bath, I changed my clothes and walked towards the bus station.

My destination was Takasago bookstore.

"Alright. Here I am."

I just came here not that long ago, so there was nothing I especially wanted to buy. Still, it was my habit to come here almost every day.

Without any intention to come, my legs automatically carried me here. Is there anyone who could understand this feeling?

"What the? There is no good book at all."

I slowly take a walk in the Takasago bookstore. This place had a lot of novels and manga, totally on the same level with any anime only store. Not only that, the counter also sold various handmade accessories. Tomoe even made her own 'plain show' recommendation list.

By the way, 'plain show' meant that they placed the book by showing the cover on the shelf. Although that wasted a lot of space , but it made the customer more likely to buy it.

Looked like that was one of this store's secret skills.

"Hm ~ how about this then?"

I leaned toward the book that Tomoe just told me. Not only could she pinpoint 'currently famous books', she could also show some 'I don't know why, but this book is good too' types. This was always a big help for me.

About the 'currently famous books', I only told her 'I know' or 'I already read them'. It was the same for famous anime shows.

"As expected of Tomoe… all of them are books that I haven't read."

I looked at the mountain of good books as if they were a mountain of treasure.

That was one of the good things about personally going to the bookstore.

The counter's opinions were all very valuable to me.

Everyone who loves books also has their favorite bookstore.

And for a writer like me, there was one more thing I could check ----

"….Are my books selling well?"

No matter how much I fear the answer, I still go check the result .

Based on the sorting order, I started searching for Izumi Masamune's *The Silver Wolf's Reincarnation'. Then, I found all of them neatly arranged. None of my older works are here.*

"All of them are here…that meant…."

I paled a bit. The last time I checked, all of them were already like that. In other words….

*…..Did they just restock them? It's not like no one buys them, right?*

Of course, I had no way to know.

By the way….to see my books scattered on the shelves, unable to find a full volume is the easiest case to understand, the case that made me happiest.

If I couldn't find a single book of mine, then I will have to worry if they are sold with a discount.

"…Um."

With a poker face, I took my book from that shelf and placed them next to books that are already being made into anime.

"You have already sold good enough. How about letting me use this spot."

Placing them here meant that they were at the most eye-catching place. This was something only a famous author or a new author could enjoy.

"….Hm hm, my book is now conspicuous."

When I was muttering to myself.

A quite *thud*. Something hit me on the back of my head.

"It hurt."

"What are you doing?"

Turning back, I saw Tomoe wearing an apron, looking at me. Her lips were slightly pursed, a feather duster lightly tapping her shoulder.

Seeing the angry staff, I answered:

"Nothing at all…I…I'm doing author-personal-promotion-activities."

"Fine fine. You are impeding our business. Return them to where they were ~"

*Tap tap tap*

Tomoe used her feather duster to flick my head.

"I know I know. Stop. Hey, at least put your friend's book on the recommended list."

My book only had less than a month on this list before they were moved to the shelves. I have to think of something to deal with it.

"I can't do that. Now that place belongs to books with Yamada Elf sensei's signature. There is no place for your book."[8]

"Signature? I could sign my book too!"

Although my writing is horrible.

Hearing my proposal, the staff blankly looked at me and said:

"Stop. If you do that, we won't be able to return them."

*What a cold tone.*

"……."

*….She is tough.*

Tomoe pat me with her feather duster again.

"Hehe ~ if you wanted me to move your book into the recommended list, write something that can move the reader."

"Damn it! Just you wait! Soon, I will make you kneel and beg for Izumi-sensei's signature!"

I bluffed, then said:

"However, before that, bookstore staff-san, please give me a book with a signature of Yamaza Elf-sensei."

"Of course ~"

After I get home, I immediately took them out and read.

Bestselling author - Yamada Elf-sensei's love story is really good .

The main character was summoned to a world similar to an online game. Since he was the strongest player in game, he was used to acting that way! The first thing he did is get a new girl. It won't be too far to call it the best light novel right now.

Although I hate to admit it, but I was still many levels behind him. If I said that I wanted to be his rival, it would be nothing more than a joke. I will keep this novel as a family heirloom, forever treasure it.

But I still can't think of any good ideas, damn it!

That day, when I came back from the Takasago bookstore, I received a message ---

[All of them are shot down]

A message from my cold heartless phone.

"All, all of them? You said all of them?"

[Yes, all of them.]

"…Kuh..ugh…."

It wasn't like I didn't expect it, but I was still shocked.

If I have to explain it in a way that is easier to understand ---

It would be like [You won't get a salary this month]. A slow editor would be like [You won't get salary for the next three months] or [You won't get salary for the next six months]. Worse, it could be [Fine fine, you don't have to come here anymore.]

The adult world is so scary.

Since a writer is like a freelancer, if they failed to write in a long period of time, it becomes very easy to turn into an unlimited overtime with no rest, then having no income before being trapped in a crisis.

It was very easy to die.

A year ago, I was like that too.

As a student, I thought that even if I had no income, I wouldn't die. But since I wanted to become independent, 'money' is something that absolutely can't be ignored.

[Both of them are bad. Today is Saturday. Bring me something new next Monday.]

"……."

Such harsh words came from my editor. Even after three years, it still hurt me a lot.

"…Kuh…oh…."

It's not a joking matter. I wanted to cry already. It felt like someone is scraping my heart with a razor blade.

To me, this sounded like she was saying 'you are too stupid. Fail.'

Maybe you guys won't be able to understand…

…Fine. If she told me to die six more times then I will kill her. I will definitely kill her.

That dark thought slowly wrapped around my heart.

Do you understand? You foolish editor. You must not carelessly tell a writer to die like that.

"Ah ~ damn! Damn it! May it rain meteors and crush that god forsaken publisher! I would be very happy to be rid of it!"

Meteor! Earthquake! Still cursing, I threw my phone on the bed.

"Fine! I will write something good enough to make you lick my boot!"

I sat down at the table, opened my A4-size notebook, took the HB pen and started writing. Although just now, she meant that I need a proposal or outline, but I planned to give her a complete manuscript.

So, two days later….

"FINISHHHHHHHHHHHHHED!!!!!!!!!!"

In front of the computer, I straightened my back.

After that, I furiously typed nonstop. Now, I had a complete manuscript.

It felt good. But in the end, I didn't know if this child of mine will survive or not. Now, my head hurt so much. Massaging my temple, I looked outside the window.

"…Now…is Monday…morning."

The sun was illuminating through the gap in the curtain. Very bright. The sound of birds chirping - unfortunately it only unsettled me.

I put the manuscript in the mail and sent it to my editor.

Quickly, I got a reply --- [Thank you for your hard work. Let's meet again at 6:00 pm.]

"….Auto reply huh."

She's only fast at this. I just sent this e-mail less than a minute ago.

"Now…first is breakfast…then school…then meeting….yeah…."

I opened my To-do-list on the cellphone and input today's schedule.

"Okay!"

Mustering my mood, I stood up.

A new day has begun.

I began with my usual housework.

*Bang bang*

"Okay okay"

First, I brought a meal to my little sister's room.

Unlike before, now I knew my little sister's real identity. Sagiri was probably drawing. And if I had to guess, it would be an illustration of a cute girl. Maybe erotic too.

Just imagine if you guys lived together with Ito Noizi-sensei. [9]

What do you think? Excited? Did your heart race?

I'm very troubled. Just place yourself in my shoes for a second.

And then….

"Well, this is…."

There was a note for me in front of my little sister's room.

That was from Sagiri to me.

When my hikikomori little sister wanted to communicate with me, aside from hitting the ceiling, she would use something like this. Most of the time she told me to 'buy something for me'.

Today was the same. She wrote 'restock desert'.

"Okay, got it."

I picked up the note and put it in my pocket.

The headache from before had completely disappeared.

After school, as planned, I visited my editorial department. I took the elevator to the ninth floor. As soon as the door opened….

"Why not!"

A sound of argument came.

From inside the elevator, I could see Kagurazaka-san was debating something with a blonde girl.

"I told you that is not something I can decide on my own."

"Then let me!"

*What a noisy girl.*

Since my meeting with Megumi, I knew that it's very hard to guess a girl's age based on her appearance. But at first look, she was probably around the same as Sagiri.

Of course, I had no interest in a girl who is younger than me. Please don't have any strange misunderstandings...Anyway, she was a very beautiful girl. She wore pink and white Lolita clothing. Pure white skin, long blonde hair. And somehow her ears looked pointy.

Her actions looked very exaggerated and magnified.

In front of her, Kagurazaka-san was almost the same. She looked like the representation of a filthy adult, with both hands folded in front of her chest and looking down on that girl.

"You said it's your freedom to do whatever you pleased huh? Do you think that I will do something for the benefit of another company?"

"……Hm hm, you still don't understand human language! Ah, can't be helped…Then I will give your department my next book, how about it?"

"Oh! Allow me to decline!"

"What? Did I mishear you? Me - the one at the top of the popular novelist list, the most beautiful female light novel author, just allowed you to publish my book. That was too much of an opportunity."

This girl surely liked to praise herself.

"Ha ~ Please just go back already -- ah!"

Kagurazaka-san noticed me who was watching.

*Not good.*

"Izumi-sensei! Sorry for keeping you waiting."

She happily called to me.

"Alright! Come here come here! Don't just hide ~ come here!"

*…She clearly wanted to use me as an excuse to chase this brat away.*

Still, even if I knew that, it's not like I had another choice.

"I'm still talking, so don't interrupt me."

The blonde girl arrogantly told me.

"Even if you say that…."

After being called like that, I can't not go in.

I glared at the culprit, Kagurazaka-san.

"…What is going on?"

"By the way, who is this guy?"

Both me and the blonde girl asked Kagurazaka-san at the same time. She didn't answer my question, just pointed her hands at both of us and said:

"He is Izumi Masamune-sensei. And this is Yamada Elf-sensei."

""What????""

Both me and the blonde girl shouted in shock and pointed at each other:

"He is Izumi Masamune!?"

"She is Yamada Elf-sensei? The best-selling author?"

Yamada Elf-sensei, also known as 'Fulldrive library' had a different style compared to mine. A few days ago I even bought some of her books.

Recently, her books were put on the 'going to be made into an anime' list, so her name was quite famous….Still…

"I never thought that she was such a small girl."

Based on the harem-based novel and hint of ero style, I thought that the author would be a disgusting guy.

"You had no right to say that. Ha ~ I never thought that there was such a young author aside from me."

"Although our Ace is a bit younger --- anyway, well, there is…."

"What?"

I carefully looked at her from top to bottom, then my eyes locked on her pointy ears, said:

"Really…Elf?"

"Of course not!"

Well, I also understand that myself, but her pure white skin made her really looked like an elf.

"Ahaha, since I'm so beautiful, it's understandable that you would mistake me for an elf. Just like from 'The Lord of the Rings', don't you think so?"

"Yeah yeah."

"I know, right! Hm hm, good talking."

Although I couldn't say it out, I got the feeling that she was like a character from an abuse-type eroge.

"Then…Yamada Elf sensei, why are you here?"

In some way, this place is like enemy-territory to her.

"Hahahaha, you finally asked the right thing."

Hearing me say that, Elf made a manga-like, attention-catching pose then said:

"For my next book, I want Eromanga-sensei to help draw the illustration!"

"What?"

*…Just now, what did she say?*

"Hahahaha, Eromanga-sensei is my favorite illustrator! To be able to draw an ero illustration like this, he is the first one! As expected of someone with that disgusting pen name!"

Sure enough, she misunderstood it as a disgusting pen name. Even Sagiri herself said that she created that pen name from Eromanga island. (Of course, I had no way to confirm this).

"Normally, I won't add 'sensei' to the end of any illustrator's name just because of politeness. But to express my highest respect for Eromanga-sensei, he is an exception! Ero-god ---- I want to chant his name, worship him like that!"

*If you did that, you would receive a controller to the face.*

"Right now, although my current beautiful and genius illustrator Allure-chan could draw naked illustrations that make people excited --- she isn't as good as Eromanga-sensei! I was totally captured by his illustrations! You can say that I love him!

Although based on the pen name, he must be a disgusting man -- but no matter what, even if he is a big fat pig…or a beast man its still fine!"

*….Eromanga-sensei, your image in other people's eyes couldn't get any worse.*

*Whoops*. Elf coolly swung her right hand aside:

"I have to meet him, ask him to draw the best illustrations in the world! Together with my writing talent, it'd be an awesome combination! We could make the ultimate light novel!"

She was getting carried away, but after listening to her I couldn't help but find my emotions rising up.

"Hm hm…Izumi Masamune. Looks like after listening to my amazing plan, you are speechless."

Maybe? Honestly, even I wanted to read that 'Ultimate light novel' of yours.

But even without thinking too hard, I could understand that this is definitely not good for me.

" -- That's why I'm asking this department to give Eromanga-sensei a message for me. But he didn't respond any of them! This is my first request here! How could it be! It must be --- Izumi Masamune! Eromanga-sensei is busy with your work right!"

*Sagiri…didn't reply.*

Hearing that, I breathed a sigh of relief.

"That's why, in order to get Eromanga-sensei's great illustration for Yamada Elf, you have to help me convince him!"

"Hey!"

*You damn brat!*

I glared at Kagurazaka-san.

My editor looked like she wanted to say 'Can't be helped' before shrugging, said:

"Yamada-sensei. I have a prior appointment for his next novel, can you please go back now?"

"Appointment for a novel? What a small task!"

*Small task my ass you damn Elf! Get lost to your eroge world, to your ero-beast man!*

However, I was still concerned about her intentions.

"You said you wanted Eromanga-sensei to be your illustrator?"

"That's right! Compared to working with a lowly novelist like you, cooperating with a super famous author like me is much better!"

"Tchhhhhhhhh!!!!"

Saying that, Elf thrust her finger at me, thus I backed off a bit.

*Yes. It's exactly like you said ---!* Such a thought suddenly emerged inside my heart!

Elf looked very happy, she continued:

"Look look! You think so too right! You agreed that compared to someone like you, whose novel couldn't get to the top list nor become famous, working with the best author is better for Eromanga-sensei!"

"You just said that yourself! Even if your novel sold better…"

"Sales are justice! No matter how much you complain, they are just dogs barking!"

Bang bang! All of her words are decisive!

"Kuh….you…remember me! Next time if I see your book at the bookstore….if…."

"Hm hm! What would you do then?"

"I will put my book on top of yours!"

"Stop! My books will get dirty! You are the worst!"

At this time, my editor interrupted. She said in a small voice:

"I called you here to chase Yamada-sensei away, can you please stop having a pleasant chat with her?"

*Do I look like I'm having a pleasant chat?*

"Yamada-sensei, I told you before, you can do whatever you want. Because accepting your invitation or not lies only with Eromanga-sensei."

"Don't want to. Didn't I tell you? There is nothing my editor could do to help me anymore! They outright couldn't contact him! Truthfully, working with me would be good for you too, so hurry up and help me!"

"Pff ~ yeah yeah ~"

Kagurazaka-san gave her a perfunctory smile.

"What is with your attitude! Who do you think is the bestselling author?"

"It's just a coincidence that your novel sells better than anyone else's."

"What did you say!? Take that back you stupid editor! Hurry up and kneel before my writing!"

"…Haha…Yamada-sensei's novel….wasn't its illustration looked down on in the internet?"

"Of course not! I wrote like that to make it easier for the reader! Really, you understand nothing! What a useless editor! Hm, listen to me - listen well!"

Elf brushed her blonde hair and getting carried away again:

"A few years since the debut of the shooting star named Yamada Elf…all light novel authors, aside from me, became dirt! Then with my easy-to-understand style, I have created a new path for light novels!"

*The way this girl speaks is too exaggerated!*

Elf patted her chest, closed her eyes and enthusiastically said:

"…As someone chosen by God like myself, the task of saving this light novel industry, which was on the verge of self-destruction, is my noble task! In other words -- I'm the savior of the light novel industry --- no, not that!"

She opened her eyes.

"I am light novel!"

Hearing this line, at that instant I thought I heard a boom bang sound.

Faced with such a strong force, my anger was pushed back.

While Kagurazaka-san just blandly said:

"Light novel-chan, if you don't hurry and go back, I will file a complaint with your editor."

"You, you cunning woman! You dare!"

*…So this girl is afraid of her editor too.*

"Countdown start. Ten. Nine. Eight. Seven…."

Seeing Elf like that and realizing that this method worked, Kagurazaka-san started a countdown, took out her cellphone out and pressed a few buttons.

Elf panicked and said:

"I, I will let you off this time! But make sure to convince him for me! I will allow you to publish my work!"

Leaving cowardly words behind, the "savior of the light novel industry", Yamada Elf-sensei left. Really, she is like a whirlwind.

But I have to make it clear that not all authors or editors are like these two, so don't misunderstand.

Kagurazaka-san made a 'go away' hand wave then turned to me :

"Alright, Izumi-sensei."

She smiled:

"It's getting troubling."

"What…what are you saying?"

"Are you still not clear? Just now, didn't sensei hear what she said?"

"Kuh…I know."

Compare to my novel which could hardly sell, for Eromanga-sensei - Sagiri, it's better to cooperate with a best-selling author.

With each new book she would get a steady stream of work… with luck, they could be made into an anime. The chances are quite high if that ultimate light novel becomes real.

Although Sagiri didn't reply, but thinking about it, it's not a bad thing.

Besides, Eromanga-sensei's speed wasn't fast enough to work as an illustrator for two novels at the same time.

If this is the case…then…then….

"Ahhhh ~~ damn it! Wasn't it clear already!"

This time -- my motivation was completely annihilated.

"Sagiri ~~! Sagiri ~~!"

*Bang bang bang bang bang bang!*

As soon as I get home, I rushed to the second floor.

Facing the 'never opened door', I shouted:

"I will try harder! I will write something better than her! So…so …!"

"Please don't abandon meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! !!!!"

I tearfully declared.

Hearing this, what would my little sister think?

Of course, I had no way to know.

Even if I shouted at the top of my lungs, the 'never opened door' won't open. The last time it opened was a once in a while event.

The relationship between me and my little sister remained unchanged.

"……Ha."

I laughed at myself before turning to leave.

*Crank*

" ~~ Ack!"

Suddenly, the door swung open and hit me in the forehead. Stars appeared in my vision! Putting a hand on the impact point, taking a deep breath, I tried to look up.

"…..What are you talking about?"

In front of me was my little sister, a confused expression on her face.

"…What?"

Why did you open it? I thought …it was outside of my imagination. Maybe I was also having a stupid expression.

"Wh, why….?"

"I'm asking you a question."

Sagiri said in an emotionless tone.

"……..."

Because I didn't say anything, she continued:

"…….Don't abandon me and like…what are you talking about? You got a nightmare?"

Since this was the first time I heard my little sister's gentle voice, I was unable to say anything.

"No, nothing like that."

Just now, my declaration is on my side only.

Now that she was right in front of me, there is no way I could say something so embarrassing like 'I will definitely not give you to her!'

Too embarrassing.

"Nothing at all! Forget about it!"

I wiped my tear away.

"About, about that.. you…why?"

"What? …why what?"

"Why did you open the door?"

Compared to before, no matter what I said, she wouldn't open ---

"…Ah.

Sagiri smiled. She had ' hearing-you-say-that-I-had-to-act-immediately' expression. Her face reddened slightly.

I repeated my question:

"Why?"

"….Be, because."

She looked away, fixing her pajamas. Looked like it was her habit when she is in a hurry.

"That…that…that…"

"……."

We stayed silent for a moment.

"I don't know….."

"This is important!"

She never opened it until now, yet why today?

The truth is, until a few days ago, the 'never opened door' didn't open for me once. Something must have happened between 'that time' and 'right now'.

Our relationship clearly didn't change a bit.

"I just…don't know."

"Can you please speak louder?"

"Tch, nothing. You, you didn't …."

*You didn't answer my question too, right?*

Maybe that was what Sagiri wanted to say. Because of our sudden discomfort, we both were unable to communicate properly .

"That was a hard question…If I answered you, what would you say?"

"…I won't tell you. Because I don't know."

It isn't good. We couldn't make any progress like this.

"…Fine. You are right."

Although I didn't know why, but the 'never opened door' had opened once more.

This was a big improvement. Although I was curious about the reason, but …

I calmed myself down. Sagiri whispered:

"…Say."

"Um? Yes?"

"…….Onii-san….about…that girl…did she tell you anything?
"

"That girl? You mean Megumi?"

*Why did you suddenly mention her?*

"What exactly are you talking about? What would she tell me?"

"….Tch, nothing at all."

But hearing me say that, Sagiri looked obviously relieved.

Like she wanted to prevent me from asking, she quickly continued:

"Oh right! What about my dessert?"

"Dessert?...The one you mentioned in that note?"

"…Um, right…Just now, I opened the door because of that… there is no other reason."

*Did Sagiri's look forward to dessert this much? Enough for her to open that door? I don't think that's the case.*

Still, there is no way I could break my promise with my little sister.

"Here, I bought it."

I showed her my bag.

This time, I bought candy and snacks. I had specially chosen the best type. It was so good that even I wanted to eat them all myself.

Sagiri looked at the plastic bag ---

"…….Hm."

Her brow wrinkled slightly, a very subtle expression on her face .

"What's wrong, Sagiri?"

"……It's a rare chance for me to talk with Onii-san anyway… Don't you think that it's strange for you to pick only the type that could be left in front of a statue[10]? Don't just buy this type anymore."

"If you say so, how about you go buy them yourself?"

In the end, I lectured Sagiri.

After that, the 'never opened door' opened for me more often.

# Chapter 3

# エロマンガ先生
ero manga sensei

## 第三章

Days after I had met Yamada Elf; after I made the vow to 'write something better than her'. Today was a normal day, I planned to do housework before going to school.

*Ding ~ dong*

When I got home after school, before I could start doing my housework, trouble arrived.

By the way, the sound of doorbells, incoming messages, and ringtones were the ones I hated the most. They gave me an uneasy, restless feeling. Of course, maybe it was just me.

"Coming."

Anyway, no matter how much I hate this sound, I still have to open the door.

*Ding dong ding dong ding dong*

"Why does this sound like a rhythm?"

I already knew who was on the other side before opening the door.

"Masa~mune~san! I~am~here~ to~play!"

"Don't~ want ~to!"

I answered Megumi.

Yes – on the other side was a beautiful girl in a sailor uniform, Jinno Megumi.

Megumi puffed her cheeks and said:

"Why aren't you opening the door, Onii-san?"

"What do you want?"

Since she was very troublesome, I immediately got straight to the point.

"You asked me what I wanted…I told you that I'd come back with a plan, didn't I?"

*Yeah, you did. But you were much faster than I expected. Really, it seems like I underestimated her.*

"….What is the plan?"

I will at least hear her out. Even though I don't hope for much anyway.

Megumi smiled proudly then tried to hug me.

"Dodge."

Dodge successful!

"Why did you dodge? I just wanted to hug you!"

If it was any other man, they would let her hug them then allow themselves a sweet dream. Unfortunately, it had no effect on me.

"…No reason. Just thinking that it might not be a good idea to hug a girl in front of the house."

Megumi slowly looked down and muttered:

"Tch…damn virgin."

"….Hey, did you just mutter something very ungirly?"

"What? It's just your imagination! Anyway, about my plan!"

Megumi grunted before shouting:

"Everyone~"

*….What? Everyone? What everyone ---?*

Before I could understand anything, the plan had begun right in front of me. A scene of terror unfolded in front of the Izumi household ---

"Hello!"

"How are you!"

"We are from the same class, first year! Everyone is here."

"Go home." I coldly replied.

"WHAT!!!?"

Twenty or more students yelled in surprise. Looked like there was still someone who didn't get my message.

"What my ass! Megumi…what have you done?"

"What have I done? Of course this is plan B. Originally, I planned to make all the first years come and greet Izumi-chan – but it was harder than expected, so I settled for just a class, oh ~?"

*"Just a class" you said. You really surpassed my expectation.*

"What are you angry for Onii-san. I brought my class here to ----"

Then together with her classmate, Megumi turned to the second floor window and shouted:

"Izumi-san ~!"

"Please come back to school ~!"

"Izumi-san ~!"

"Everyone is waiting for youuuuuu ~~!"

" --- Now, I bet Izumi-chan will be moved and come back to school ----"

"Like hell she would! Now she might not even leave her bed! Please stop! Hey! You guys over there! Stop and take a breath! Sagiri's HP is 0 already!"

I tried my best to stop them.

Megumi had a puzzled expression on her face, but she obeyed me and told her classmates to stop.

"EVERYONE, STOPPP ~~"

Right after that, those 'Izumi-san, please come back to school's, which sounded very like a Namo Amitaba evil repelling mantra finally stopped. [11]

"Onii-san, what you do you mean by that?"

"You, you really understand nothing! It's 100% counterproductive! Hurry up and go home!"

"Alright. Everyone, let's go back!"

"See you ~"

Those first years –went back one by one.

"Thank you everyone ~ see you again tomorrow ~"

"Ha ~?"

"Ha ~?"

"See you again ~?"

"What !?"

"The heck!?"

They waved their hands together…at that instant, I got the feeling that they were surrounded by a unique atmosphere.

The one I noticed most was the one who made that 'What!?'. I labeled him as 'a surprised sound'. That unclear sound could have a wide range of meaning, from a greeting to a reply.

<! They looked like a bunch of tribal Africans !>

"Onii-san ~ bow ~ bow~"

"???"

I mimicked him and clapped my hand together.

Why am I following their rhythm? Did they do that everyday? Unbelievable….

After all of them (except Megumi) had gone.

"They really went back."

"Because Onii-san, you looked like you were really angry."

"Hey, when I said 'go home', that included you."

"I will go back right now. But before that…."

Megumi gave me sheets of paper.

"It's a circular notice."

"Circular notice? Why do you have it?"

"Because it was left on your door's step – isn't it better to give it to you personally?"

"...Ah~ I see. It's not mine."

....I'm not sure if it was fine to tell her that, but if it made her less likely to enter my home again...it's probably okay.

"Actually, there was a rumor about a curse in this area."

"A curse?"

Megumi tilted her head.

"In other words, bad luck will continue...this house...and the next one too..."

I looked at my next door neighbor. There was a building which shouldn't exist in a normal civilian area. A two floor building, like the Izumi's household.

"Long ago, there was a great author living here. But he died because of illness."

Probably a very long time ago. Now, it was just an empty house without anyone.

"It doesn't look like an unoccupied house to me. Could it be that someone takes care of it?"

Among those novels that he wrote, there were 'Old Mansion' and 'The Girl In White'. Since they were masterpieces that every one knew about, the rumors quickly arose.

"'Sometimes, there are sounds of a piano coming from this house'. Or 'A white ghost wearing a suit will walk around'…those kind of rumors. Now, people call this place a haunted house."

When Dad decided to build our house here, the rumor had already existed. Mom and Dad didn't pay attention to them one bit , they only thought 'We were so lucky to get that good spot~'. Well , in the end I never thought about it too much. Paranormal phenomena should only occur in novels.

"Then because of what happened a year ago, that rumor resurfaced again."

No one directly said that we were cursed, but around here, many people considered the Izumi household to be cursed, thus

they tried to avoid our place. That's why they left the editor manuscripts in front of my house instead of giving them to me directly.

"I see…haunted house…and a white ghost in suit…."

Megumi sounded interested. Then she pointed at the second floor of the haunted house and said:

"You meant that?"

"Don't make a joke like that!"

I turned my head away.

After carefully looking at where Megumi just pointed – however.

"There is nothing. There is nothing, so I'm not scared!"

"It just went behind the curtain."

"I told you, Megumi. It's not something you should joke about …."

"No no, not that!"

Megumi quickly waved her hand and denied:

"Even I wouldn't joke about this. And most of the time, I'm not a liar!"

*In other words, you did lie sometimes – however.*

She really didn't look like she was lying. I'm quite confidence in my skill at reading people. Somehow, I always felt that she is a ' good girl'.

Still, now wasn't the time to question her.

"If you weren't lying…then you must be mistaken."

"……..Yeah, must be so."

Megumi replied in a sympathetic tone.

After she went back, I returned to check on Sagiri after she received the mental attack from the 'Call Izumi-chan to school' party.

If I was a hikikomori, Megumi's B plan would have definitely killed me. As her elder brother, I need to show some care.

"Really…Megumi…stop kidding with me."

Though I didn't believe in ghosts, I believed in Megumi.

And she said that she saw a girl in a white suit in that haunted house. ---

*That made people more likely to be scared!*

"Hey ~ Sagiri ~ are you okay ~?"

……

No response. She must be hiding in her blanket and trembling in fear because of her classmates' actions.

*Hopefully that didn't cause a mental scar. Hm, what should I do now?*

"I will prepare the water. Take a bath later, will you?"

When I turned and prepared to leave.

*Clank crank*

The door sprung opened again. This time it hit me on the side of my head.

"!!!!!!...You, you….You……you!!!!!"

Really, I should have reflected on myself. How many times do I plan on being hit by that same attack?

I should have had some form of protection against it by now – but looks like my progress is slower than expected.

"…What's wrong, Sagiri….suddenly opening the door like this."

Pressing my temple, I tried to ask like nothing happened.

Right after the words left my mouth, something unexpected happened.

"----------"

Taking my hand, Sagiri pulled me inside. Not just that, she hugged my waist too.

" ~~~~~~~~~~"

"What, what, what….."

The slight touch of her chest…! This wasn't a metaphor, because I was looking at them right now. I was so shocked that blood rushed to my head, making me unable to think properly. After a long time, I managed to speak:

"What, what, what….?"

"…..!"

Sagiri didn't reply, instead she just hugged me even harder. Of course I was even more shocked than before ---

"…..Do you love your brother?"

*Thud!* The controller in my little sister's hand gave me a flying dragon punch.[12]

"Where…where did that come from!?"

"No…!...Ghost….."

"Wait, what did you say?"

"….Ghost."

*Ghost? Why did Sagiri mention that? Did she hear my conversation with Megumi?*

If so…how did she do that? This is second floor – no matter how loud we were there is no way she could hear it from here. In short, it's totally impossible. Anyway, I'll temporarily put this issue aside.

"Ghost --- what?"

"……."

"Don't worry. Your brother is here!"

Though I'm a useless brother, I tried to speak as gently as possible to calm her down.

Then Sagiri leaned on my chest and whispered:

"…When I was going to hide in my blanket and cry…Suddenly I heard the sound of a piano."

"Piano? Just now too?"

Hearing my question, Sagiri nodded.

"…From…next-door….."

"No way, there is no way…."

No one lives there. Besides, it is still daytime, how could a ghost ….

"…..I understand. I trust you. Leave it to me."

I closed my eyes and focused on my ears.

….First, I heard my own heart beating. Then…ack?

"I heard it! The sound of piano!"

"Right, right?"

Sagiri pointed at the balcony with her trembling finger. Colorful curtains hung there. The light from the sunset passed through the gap and entered the dimly lit room.

"…On the balcony…is there something on the balcony?"

Sagiri just shook her head…Looked like she was too scared to even speak…that means….

No, no choice then! I pulled Sagiri's hand and walked toward the balcony.

We could still hear the piano's sound.

"I want to take a look…."

Glancing at Sagiri, I saw that although she looked like she was about to burst into tears, she still nodded.

"Okay…."

I pulled the curtains open.

The balcony of the haunted house was close. That was the same spot Megumi pointed out earlier.

No ghost. But the piano's sound was getting louder.

…It really came from that house.

"…From that house….?"

At the first look, there was nothing unusual (like a ghost)….

"…O, Onii-san, there….."

"Wah!"

Following Sagiri's finger ---- I saw it.

At the first floor, behind the gap in the curtain, I could see a white shadow.

"Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah wah wah wah wah wah wah!!!" <= My voice.

"Yahhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

We siblings trembled in fear. I felt absolutely nothing when hugging my little sister because both of us were so scared.

"…Is that…a ghost?"

"But, but…how could it be…"

"…You go take a look."

"Wah?"

"…Go take a look, Onii-san!"

"….Are you kidding me?"

*This is very scary!*

"Go take a look. If I don't know for certain what it is, I would be too scared to draw anything."

*….Too scared to draw anything huh. Then this can't be helped.*

"Good. Wait here."

I left my little sister at home and went to the haunted house alone.

Step by step, I made it to the main gate, the circular notice in hand. With a *crank*, the black iron gate opened.

"….Bwu….."

I made it into the courtyard. The house looked clean, yet I felt a pressure coming from it.

I brought the circular notice with me in case someone actually lived here. With that, I can prove that I'm not a burglar.

"…Please don't be a ghost. Please don't be a ghost."

I slowly moved towards the window while praying.

"This place…right. Then…here I come."

I mustered up my courage and took a peak through the gap.

" ----------What!!!?"

Normally, the truth about ghosts was never anything interesting, but the truth in front of me made me forget to breathe.

Yamada Elf-sensei was playing a piano, completely naked.

I quickly returned to the front door and pressed the doorbell.

*Ding dong. Ding dong. Ding dong.*

*She would need some time to put on her clothes. Three times should be okay.*

A few moments later, finally a voice came:

"Who is that? You want my manuscript?"

…Just from this, I could tell that her life was full of troubles.

"Your circular notice."

"Ha? What…Please leave it there."

*Seemed like she didn't plan to get along with her neighbors. But why is she here?*

"Yamada-san, may I ask why you were naked while playing piano?"

"What!"

*Thunk! Clank! Dang dang ---Thud*

"You peeping tom ----!"

She quickly rushed to the door. Of course she was no longer naked, instead she wore the same lolita clothes from when we last met, a broom in her hand. Seeing me, her eyes widened:

"Wah? Izumi Masamune?"

"How are you?"

I shot her a half-hearted greeting and raised my right hand to greet her.

"What is going on? What are you doing here?"

"That is my line. Why are you here, naked?"

"Ah, that! That was ---"

"Was?"

"My hobby!"

*Clang clang*.

*Why do you have to make a pose whenever you say something?*

….Hobby?

She was panicking a second ago, yet now she was back to this. Not just that, she seemed to be proud of herself.

"Don't you know that if you play the piano immediately after taking a bath --- you will enjoy a sense of happiness? Then you can think of a good story?"

"I, I can say that I have never tried that before….."

"Then give it a shot! It's very effective!"

Although I didn't think so….but just now, is this your way to get new ideas? In that case it's understandable. Probably. We novelist sometimes had weird ideas when we had a writer's block.

I turned to her and gently said:

"Next time, be sure to close the curtains properly. Otherwise people might see you."

*Hey, stop using that broom to poke my eyes!*

"You! Why are you here! I can't let my guard down! To think that I only forgot about the curtains for a second…"

Elf's breathing was hard, her face deep red. She screamed and tried to hit me with her broom. I originally thought that she was a crazy pervert, but seemed like she still knew embarrassment.

"It was a misunderstanding! I just came here to give you your circular notice! My home is right next to yours!"

"Such coincidence ---"

Without saying anything, I took one step back and pointed at my home's nameplate. Elf glanced at it for a second before continuing:

" --- Even so! To peep at a nude girl is still bad!"

"I didn't come here to peep! There was a good reason for this…! "

After that, I told her about the rumor regarding the haunted house, the white ghost, the piano….Then since I just heard the sound of piano, I came here to investigate – everything.

" --- That's all"

"…Hm, hm, I see. I understand. I will consider this to be accidental! But you will have to forget everything you just saw."

Elf let the broom hit the floor, but her face was still red. This girl always looked excited.

"Okay."

Continuing this awkward atmosphere is troublesome for me too . To stop this atmosphere, I said naturally:

"Say, why are you here?"

"Staying here makes it easier for me to attend anime script meetings."

"For real?"

"You know that most of the anime companies are located in Tokyo, right?"

*No, I don't.*

"I have to attend each meeting once a week. All of this is to make the best anime and save this world…."

"Doesn't sound very easy…."

"Of course ~ But I'm an author whose novel was made into anime, so this can't be helped! I'm an author whose novel was made into anime!"

*Oh damn, she got carried away again.*

*Some authors whose books were made into an anime had the habit of always saying anime this anime that, but….this girl.*

"After I heard that my novel is going be made into an anime, I began thinking about buying a house. Though it wasn't perfect, with a little remodelling it should be fine. By the way, I paid for it with my royalties[13], with cash, you understand? I bought all of this with my royalties in one hit!"

"You, you bought all of this!?"

*My house was built using the money Dad loaned….is this the power of a novel-made anime?*

"Yes! Money from anime! Of course this is normal for me! Because I'm an author whose novel was made into anime!"

Elf laughed arrogantly:

"Hahahaha…..It's impossible for a fourteen year-old child to buy a single-family house in the middle of Tokyo!"

*Damn it! I want to kill you!*

"That was all because of my great work! You can see that even the ones living next door also bought my book? Hohohoh, what a good child. Are you jealous? Envious?"

"Yes, I envy you! My readers could be a little less than yours, but every time I publish a book, they always work tirelessly to find it! It's true that bookstores don't keep a large number of my books, yet, I also received letters from my fans! I will definitely not lose to you! Don't look down on me!"

Sorry, it's all I could say to rebuke her.

"….You don't need to be angry. Sorry."

"It's good that you understand."

"Ah, although my readers are more loyal than yours."

*Loyal? What do you think your readers are?*

"…By the way, there is a ghost here."

I didn't want to say it, but unexpectedly Elf immediately said:

"Ha, how could ghost exist! Even if it did, then I will turn it into a part of my novel!"

*What a strong child. As expected of the best-selling author.*

"So ~ I ~ said!"

Elf made a full circle turn like she was dancing, then she pointed at her house:

"How is it! The house of the beautiful genius light novel author, Yamada Elf-sama! Praise it!"

She told me to praise it….even though I had been living next to it for a few years….

"Yeah, it's a beautiful house."

"Right right! I call it 'Crystal Palace'!"

She gave her house that name.

As expected of the best selling author, even the way she thought was far from normal.

Elf looked like she wanted to tell me something, after a moment of hesitation, she turned to me:

"Izumi Masamune. If you want to visit this place no matter what…then I will give you the honor of visiting my 'Crystal Palace ' ~"

*She just wanted to show off her place, didn't she?*

"Your house huh…to tell you the truth I'm quite interested."

Although her favorability in my book was nearly zero, I was still interested in Yamada Elf-sensei. Exactly what kind of house did she live in? What kind of workplace did she own? Very curious.

Besides, if I got lucky…I could visit a best-selling author's house , I could find 'the secret to making a best-seller'…maybe.

"You want to see right? You really want to see don't you? Hahahaha….you are interested in the house of a best-selling author, right?"

"Sure sure."

I slowly began to understand this girl.

I sighed and entered the 'haunted crystal palace'.

Even though it had an exaggerated name, the truth is that it was just a normal house. The inside was similar to my house with the stairs near the entrance. Maybe it's just the affect of the rumor, but the room did look a bit dark.

"You should be honored! You are the first guest to visit this palace!"

"….I, I see."

*I'm the first guest? Really? That meant….*

*Seems like she also had her own story to tell.*

"Sorry for intruding."

I removed my shoes and took a step inside. The floor immediately responded with a *creek* sound.

"……"

"What's wrong? Come here."

"Ah...is this room okay? Why does the floor make that sound?"

"Sorry sorry. This place didn't get much maintenance since the time that the great author lived here – well, the one who sold me this place said so anyway. I think this adds a unique aspect."

*I think that you were tricked by them.*

*If you liked it so much, then why* --- My thought was interrupted.

*Grumbllllleeeeeeeeeeeeeee*

"Yah!"

I trembled a bit. With a straight face, I said:

"….What was that just now? Supernatural phenomenon?"

"Just the sound of the room. Heheh, you are so weak hearted, Izumi Masamune."

…I have to admit, her clothes were very effective in this circumstance.

The next room I visited was a western style living room. Quite large, at least ten tatami mats. There was an LCD TV and table which held game consoles and games/anime disks. The wooden floor was covered in red patterns. A small glass table stood next to the wall with a laptop on top. Next to it was a white chair.

"You work here?"

"Normally I write in my working room on the second floor. But sitting in one place is boring, so sometime I come here to write instead."

"Oh."

So that's how she adjusts her mood.

"Sit wherever you want."

"……."

I choose a spot next to the table, since it was embarrassing to sit on the only chair. After that, I slowly noticed some other stuff.

Mainly a piano and a fan.

"……."

"You, you, what are you thinking while looking at this piano!"

Elf screamed in anger when she brought tea back.

"I wasn't thinking of anything! I told you, I forgot that already! You are being too self-conscious!"

*Bang*. Elf nearly slammed the dish on the table.

"I did tell you to forget, but how could you do that so easily! My sacred body was revealed after all!"

*Sacred body my ass!*

"By the way, the first time we met, you said something about being naked or nude -- did you plan on letting someone see you naked?"

"For a lowly writer like you, that is an appropriate analogy."

I just said some nonsense, yet by dumb luck I managed to hit the jackpot.

"Yes! Fully naked! That is the most natural clothes that God granted humans! There is no cloth better than that in the world!"

I never thought that she would actually say that.

"Ah ah…so that's why in your novel, all the female characters were stripped naked one by one?"

"Yes! It was so cool! All my readers were jumping in joy!"

*Bang* I slammed on the table.

"Wh, what….?"

Elf was clearly scared. I told her:

"You…you…you simply know nothing about love!"

"Who do you think you are? My novels sell a hundred times better than yours!" She yelled.

*There is no way it could be true right? At best it's only about ten times right?*

*Although my sales are indeed much lower than hers.*

"Ha? So what? You think because your book sells well that it's good enough?"

"Of course it is! Sales are an author's way of combat!"

Let me make it clear for you then.

"I don't like the way you think. Nudity is not something that make people's hearts race the most. It's the same as the case where scenes that completely expose the panties always rank lower than scenes that only show a glimpse."

"You are the one who doesn't understand! That's why I need the help of a talented illustrator! Generally speaking, the male reader doesn't care much! Before the power of ero, males are all trash!"

*You gave us those fantasy novels, but you speak of them with such vulgar words. Not to mention this is your own book!*

"It's not like that!"

At least, I'm not the type to get excited from imagining an ero scene!

Besides, males only imagine a girl naked because we like the girl! Immediately going to the nude scene is not my taste.

"Idiot! My servant said that, so that must be true ~~"

"No way ~! In the first volume of your novel, even now when I remember the scene when the first girl got laid, It still feels like shit ~~"

"Haaaaaaaaaaaa??? It's a super ero, super moe scene! In the middle of the forest, the girl whose naked body had been seen by a member of the opposite sex had no choice but to offer her virginity ---! But, but, I'm not going to give you my virginity!"

"Like hell I want itttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttt!!!!!!"

*What a troublesome girl. Don't mistake real life with your novel.*

"What…did you say~~! I'm a beautiful light novel author….I'm the best-selling author, what is with your tone?"

"Best-selling author this, best-selling author that, you are so noisy! Your information is outdated. Now the best-seller novel is Sword Art Online, and the best manga is One Piece."

"Eh?"

Looks like I hit the bulls-eye. Elf covered her chest in pain. Wiping the sweat off her forehead, she tried to act tough.

"…Ha ha…boy…hurry and grow up a little…although I did let my guard down, but it truly is a black mark in my history...I did let my guard down…but as expected of one of the novelist I acknowledged…."

*Why do you sound like you are Kawahara Reki-sensei's[14] teacher? Your novel merely ranked fourteenth this week.*

"Forget it! As long as 'my anime' is aired, I will be able to sell more than one million BD[15], my novel's sales would increase a dozen, a hundred times! Sword Art Online will no longer be worth mentioning! In the future…to beat Dengeki Bunko is …is like facing a boss!"

*Someone, someone…please shut this girl up…*

I just stopped talking for a second and Elf had already gotten carried away.

"About One Piece…as expected of my nemesis….but unfortunately, it still failed to defeat me. Just accept your failure…although it was such a regret, just a little more and it could have…."

"Based on what you said earlier, the current combat power of One Piece is nearly three-hundred million."

"……."

Elf couldn't say anything.

"…..Ah…ah….ah….."

Her face was as pale as a ghost. Facing such overwhelming combat power it was impossible for her to keep her morale.

"Besides, One Piece's sales are still rising….you get what I mean ?"

Based on the number alone, it's really unbelievable.

This is not something people made up, but the real results. Much crueler than any manga boss.

"….How many books did that sell?"

"Around seven-hundred chapters?"

"……."

Elf put a finger to her mouth and muttered to herself. Suddenly, she yelled:

"What ~ the ~ heck!? Just that!? Nothing big."

*Hey! You!*

"One Piece is really useless! Seven hundred chapters and it only reached that level? When my novel reaches that number, I'm sure it will casually roll over its record!"

"…Are you serious?"

*Three hundred-million counted as nothing?*

Not to mention that no matter how hot a novel is, it couldn't beat manga – that was common sense…Yet it looked like Elf knew absolutely nothing about this, she raised her chest and said:

"Of course I'm serious. You can say that – since I chose this difficult job, I can't afford to lose my spirit!"

"I want to write the best, the ultimate light novel, so ----"

"*I* WILL BECOME 'NOVEL KING'!"

She announced.

"…..Ha."

The corner of my mouth turned into a small smile.

Hearing her announcement, seeing her big dream – just like Luffy[16]. Both cool and reckless.

I wanted to tell her – 'Do your best'.

Ah no no no! I can't tell her that! I can't forget what she said to my editor!

"Whatever your goal is – to me, they simply don't matter. However…"

Putting my hands on my knees, I stood up.

"Doesn't matter….then?"

I faced her gaze and replied:

"I will not lose to you. I will not give Eromanga-sensei to you."

My hand clenched into a fist, I faced Elf's arrogant gaze without fear.

"Ha…you lowly writer, are you going to challenge me, who in the near future will reach the sales of six billion, who will earn the nick name 'Novel King'...no, 'Super writer'?"

"Tch, I never planned to battle you in something so silly as sales ---"

I'm going to use what I consider 'the most important factor' to fight.

"Come and fight! I will not give you my partner! I will write a super cool novel, it will be made into an anime and I will roll all over you!"

"Fine! Then I will write something even better than you, something to change Eromanga-sensei's mind. Then I will ask him to draw the ultimate illustration for me!"

The battle to find out who could write a better novel.

Of course, Eromanga-sensei gives the verdict.

The winner --- the one who Eromanga-sensei chooses -- will have his full support.

That was how things turned out.

After that, I returned home. Now, I'm kneeling inside the 'never opened room'. In front of me, with a glare that could melt iron, is my little sister.

She is really angry isn't she?

After opening and closing her mouth a few times, finally, she said:

[Too slow]

She yelled. Because she was using a microphone, the echo rang in my ear. But even without the microphone I could understand her feelings.

"Why! Didn't you!" She paused to catch a breath "…Come back! Immediately !"

*…Why did my little sister get angry with me?*

Well….

"Because I went to check on that haunted house for too long, you were afraid of being alone?"

[No way..! It's not like that!]

"Not like that huh? Then why?"

[Nothing. Forget it.]

She turned away, an awkward look on her face.

[….That…is not…? That?]

On the live video, she could speak fluently. But when she spoke to someone face to face, Sagiri begins to stutter. I need some time to correctly put her words together before giving her an answer.

"Ah, no problem. That wasn't a ghost."

[I see].

"That piano sound --- that was because…."

The image of a naked girl reappearing in my head made me pause for a second.

"Just our neighbor's piano. They just moved here recently."

[….We have…neighbors….]

Just when Sagiri was about to say something….

*Knock*. A sound came from outside the window.

[Ya!]

She jumped in shock. I was startled too.

"…Ah….oh…that…window…."

Sagiri grabbed my sleeve, trembled.

That windows faced the haunted house. Of course there is no ghost, but that didn't change the fact it was on the second floor.

"Don't worry, leave it to me."

I slowly made it to the window and unlocked it.

"I'm opening it."

Then I pushed it opened.

[Onii-san, be careful…]

Right then….

*Shoot ~ whack!*

I was brutally shot in the head.

"What the? What the heck?"

Though it did hit me quite hard, it didn't do enough to down me immediately.

I gripped whatever just hit me to take a look

"…A toy arrow…?"

*Where did it come from?*

"You finally show yourself!"

An arrogant voice came from the haunted house.

"That voice!"

I raised my eyes toward her:

"Yes, it's me!"

In the opposite balcony, Elf was holding a bow and arrow. Bow and arrow together with Elf, what a perfect combo. She looked exactly like a female character from one of her novels.

"You! Why did you suddenly go back? I still haven't finished showing you my palace! You are so rude!"

Blah blah blah! Elf yelled non-stop like a rabid dog.

I leaned on the balcony, said:

"I was wondering what that was, so it was you! You scared my little sister and made her cry! Go die somewhere with your novel!"

"I totally didn't understand anything you said. There is no need to be that angry."

[I, I didn't cry!]

Blah blah blah! The whole scene drifted into chaos.

"Didn't we just confirm our hostile relationship!? Not to mention you playing piano in that haunted house to scare people!"

"You saw my whole body! I'm the one with the disadvantage here!"

"I told you --- no one wanted to see that! If you still don't let it go, then I will strip right now so you can take a look! You can see all you want! Is that what you want?"

"Ya --! You, what do you intend to do!?"

Tears began to well up in Elf's eyes.

"I was hurt! Because of you! You!"

With my trousers half removed, I slowly backed off until Sagiri closed the window.

*Crank – Whap *

She closed the curtains and separated us from our neighbor.

After that…..

"……..."

Sagiri looked at me like she was looking at some kind of trash. I felt that was worse than meeting a ghost.

"……."

[…….]

The silent pressure was enough to crush me.

[Onii-san]

"Yes!"

I said in a super polite tone. What is with that insane pressure?

Sagiri slowly asked:

[….Who is that girl?]

"Our neighbor! Yamada-san."

I didn't know her real name, and because of our showdown, I didn't want to let my little sister know that Yamada Elf-sensei is staying right next to us. Thus I answered like that.

[….Um…Onii-san, is Yamada-san your acquaintances?]

"Today was the second time we met!"

[…Your relationship, good?]

"No way! We are like nemeses to each other."

[….Why do you lie….It doesn't look that way.]

"Please believe me! My relationship with her is 100% not good!"

*Why am I explaining my relationship with that ero Elf to my little sister? Totally incomprehensible!*

Sagiri didn't say anything for a while. I thought that the atmosphere had calmed down, but suddenly she asked:

[……Saw her, naked?]

"……."

[Did you see?]

"……."

[You did]

I averted my eyes.

"….I saw a little bit."

[……]

Another heavy silence, which made me very uneasy. I secretly glanced at my little sister's face.

…..She had a cold, deadpan expression. But her eyes looked like she was blaming me.

"Onii-san."

"Yes…?"

When I thought that everything had been wrapped up nicely, Sagiri ended with an extremely cold tone:

[Put your pants on and get out.]

Hearing that, I finally noticed that my pants were half-way to being removed.

Once again, silence dominated the room…Without saying anything, I put on my pants back on and walked towards the door.

When I was about to go out

[Pervert!]

Ughh……

"……."

In front of the 'never opened door', I knelt down in defeat.

Two days later, I was writing at my school library. Of course I used the notepad app on my smartphone instead of my laptop.

I'm sure that you guys already know, but bringing laptops to school to write a novel is impossible. Even if somehow, I did bring

it here, there is a good chance that someone might pop up behind me and ask 'what are you doing'. That is something I really don't want to happen.

In this quite place, I quickly entered the text with my thumbs. True, it was much slower than using a keyboard, but after practicing, it didn't bother me too much anymore.

That was something I learnt when I was writing a 'mobile phone novel'[17].

--- However

"……Phewwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww."

I sighed. After that incident, I haven't managed to say anything to my little sister.

Not only that, my second manuscript was also rejected yesterday.

*…Goddamn it…those editors…I wondered if they even read them carefully or not.*

Anyone would feel this way when they lost their way.

Anyway, the undeniable truth was that my manuscript was rejected again, forcing me to write something else.

My motivation was higher than before, yet it turned out to be naught.

"---- What should I do…"

Looking at the ceiling, I unconsciously muttered

"What is wrong?"

The question came from the Takasago bookstore's mistress, Tomoe.

I didn't know when she sat down in front of me.

Since we were at school, she was wearing a uniform. Because she liked books, she often hung out at the library. It wasn't like she had no friends, but she preferred to be alone.

Although she didn't have the same atmosphere as that of a bookworm.

"It's nothing, just …everything didn't go the way I expected."

"Ha? If you want to, you can talk to me about it."

"Actually, it is like this -----"

So I told her the reason I felt down lately (omitting the part about Eromanga-sensei's true indentity and Yamada Elf-sensei living next to me)

"Ha ~ so you bet Eromanga-sensei in a showdown with Yamada Elf-sensei….and your recent manuscripts were all rejected, which turned your motivation into nothing."

"It is basically like that."

"Ahaha, to bet a man in a duel between men, it sounds like a BL novel[18]."

"Please stop joking."

"Sorry sorry. Say ~ well, I'm not entirely sure, but…."

"Yes?"

"How are you going to decide a winner in this duel of yours?"

"About that…." I think for a second…

"After we both finish our work, let Eromanga-sensei read and…."

"How will you let him read?"

*Eh?*

"Currently, your editor is the only one who can contact Eromanga-sensei, right? Yamada Elf-sensei's mails didn't get any reply."

"Yes…yes, that's right."

"So even if Yamada-sensei writes something new, isn't there no way for him to let Eromanga-sensei read it?"

"Indeed….it's exactly like you said."

Elf can't pass the manuscript through Kagurazaka-san.

As long as Sagiri herself didn't contact her or Elf, this is no longer a matter of winning and losing. I will be the only one who can give her a manuscript.

"Both of you are idiots." - Tomoe laughed "Maybe Yamada-sensei planned to keep writing while waiting for Eromanga-sensei to contact him."

This may be true. Or rather, it's the only possible option.

However…I'm not sure if that girl could think of something with common-sense.

"I want to find out the true identity of Eromanga-sensei"

*I knew it. She only had weird ideas in her head.*

"What are you saying all of the sudden…."

The same day, when I had a talk with Tomoe about our duel, after school.

In front of the Izumi household, Elf wore her trademark lolita clothing, her hands folded over her chest.

That was the first thing she said when I arrived. Actually, before I asked her 'What are you saying', I should have lectured her 'What are you doing here'.

*…Are you waiting for someone? Me perhaps? Since when?*

*Didn't you decide to distance yourself from me until a winner is decided?*

My head was full of questions.

"Because you don't know how to contact him?"

I heard that from Kagurazaka-san.

"Sort of. But what about you? There is only one thing you can do! Send him an email and wait - just like me."

So she couldn't endure this anymore.

"You waited here for me just to say that?"

"Yes. Before we determine a winner, I'm still going to notify you ."

*Totally can't understand her. Is she trying to be polite?*

But this time, it did have an effect. If this girl decided to investigate Sagiri's true identity without telling me, then I couldn't mount any countermeasure.

Elf shot me a meaningful glance.

"Now I'm beginning to prepare the outline. It's already on the table of the great writer Yamada Elf's workshop."

"Hoh? Is that so? Amazing."

*Meaning I have to harass her. Let's see…in order to do that…..*

Elf glanced at me again, said:

"Hm ~ look like you are interested."

"Yeah. I'm interested."

"Is that so? Just like that?"

"Ah ah, yup. I want to take a look at your workshop already. Maybe I could benefit from something new."

Although it was an excuse for me to enter Elf's workshop, I wasn't lying.

"Ah ~ Hm, not a bad idea!"

Elf put her hands on her chest and happily said:

"Okay, then I will grant you the right to see my workshop!"

*This girl is so easy to handle.*

"Got it. Then I will gratefully follow you."

"That settles it! Okay! Let's go!"

Entering the Crystal Palace, I followed Elf to the second floor.

"Um ~ Hm ~?"

Leading the way, somehow Elf looked very happy.

*Strange. Did she plan a trap for me?*

The second floor of the Crystal Palace was nearly the same as my home. Although the insides were slightly different, corresponding to the Izumi house's 'never opened door' was Elf's workshop.

A golden handle on a wooden door, with a 'Office Moonside' name plate.

With a clumsy attitude, Elf opened the door. I took a look inside .

"Hm hm…welcome, newbie. This is my company's entrance."

"Right right."

I couldn't follow her rhythm.

"You said company, meaning you already made it legal?"

"Of course! I'm an author whose book was made into an anime. To make it legal is a must in order to implement tax and whatever. "

"Ha~ is that so. It feels so troublesome."

"It's troublesome, but it can't be helped. Because I'm an author whose book was made into an anime. My annual income needs to be taken care of this way. With your level, you could be fine with the black magic item 'bank account card'."

"Don't make it sound like everyone's income report is a bad thing. And don't estimate my annual income!"

"By the way, this is my card."

"Ah, thank you. I will gratefully accept it."

With a pose that made me very uncomfortable, Elf gave me her card.

A white card with green letters. It listed the company name ' Office Moonside', followed by title and pen name --- "Greater Novelist Elf Yamada" …the heck?

"What is that?"

I seriously asked. Elf scratched her head and said:

"What do you mean?"

"Novelist - I understand this part…Authors usually put that in front of their name. But what about 'Greater'? Does that mean… you are a great author already?"

"Of course."

*What an idiot. To think that someone would actually put 'Great' on their card.*

Because of the sheer absurdity of this situation, my body trembled a bit.

Elf pressed a hand to her chest and made a ridiculous pose:

"In my opinion, there are many levels among novelist. How could someone like me be on the same level as those mongrels? That is too strange."

*Could you please speak in some way that I can understand?*

"By the way…what is the requirement to get that title?"

"Of course it's sales. Pass one million and you will get the title of 'Greater Novelist', which grants you a unique special skill. Pass ten million to evolve to 'Arch Novelist', which allows you to use fusion magic. Pass the one hundred million to reach 'Novelist Lord' --- when you reach that level everyone below you are just insects. And when your sales reaches the five hundred million, you will become….something that can overcome our natural enemy, the ' Tax Department' -- becoming the savior of the world - 'Super Novelist'!'."

*I totally don't get what are you saying, please give me a break.*

I tried to respond:

"….You got quite a plan."

"Hm, because I'm an author whose book was made into anime."

*That makes sense. As expected of a 'Greater Novelist'.*

"Where is your card?"

"I don't have one."

We entered Elf's workshop while chatting.

At a corner of the room stood a printer and a shredder. A nicely designed white table at the middle of the room, a laptop on it. Next to it was a chair that looked like a Demon King's throne. The main color was green with a slight aroma of flowers.

I felt that this place suited her.

Elf pointed at the balcony said:

"The scene from there is good! The seller told me that!"

"…Then let me take a look."

The scene was probably the same as the one from my house since they were next to each other.

Aside from the road and the river dam, there was nothing else to see.

Although I thought so, to save her face, I wouldn't say it out. So I opened the window that lead to the balcony.

"...Well."

From the balcony of the Crystal Palace, the first thing I saw was Sagiri's room.

*….Sagiri forgot to close the curtains*

This is rare -- as a hikikomori, Sagiri should always have the window and curtains closed.

*…Did she forget? But if she 'forgot' now, that meant that somehow, she had to open it….it was quite hard to believe.*

I couldn't think of any reason for Sagiri to open the curtains. Clearly, from there she could only see -- this Crystal Palace. Nothing else.

There is no use thinking about it, so I'll leave it aside for the moment. Once again, I focused my attention on Sagiri's room. There, with a headset on her head, she was drawing.

…She looked quite happy. Probably making another live video feed. This was the first time I saw her that happy. So that was what she did when she was alone in her room.

"…….Ah."

I smiled gently.

Next to me, Elf asked:

"How is the view from Crystal Palace? Not bad, isn't it?"

She definitely couldn't imagine that Eromanga-sensei, who she was looking for is right under her nose.

I answered truthfully "Yes, it is" before leaving the balcony.

I looked back at Elf's workshop again. Quite large…however.

"Why do you have so many cardboard boxes in here?"

"I told you that I just moved here recently. Mostly trivial stuff and sample books are inside them."

"Trivial stuff? Sample books?...That many?"

I brought my trivial stuff and sample books with me today.

"Hm, this is normal for an author whose book was made into an anime." Elf smirked in triumph.

How many times did she say the word 'anime' today?

"Hm hm, to tell you the truth, actually I don't need that much --- but my book sold too well, thus there were so many sample books sent here. Every time a new novel was published, a lot of sample books were sent back. Ah ~ so troublesome. I couldn't just throw them away…ah, to be an author whose book was made into an anime is so troublesome~"

She even pretended to this extent. Elf picked up her bow and said:

"If possible, just pick one you like and bring it back home. Here, I recommend this book 'Elwynn Bow'."

"Really!? Then give me a new book. And sign it too!"

I was truly happy.

This was the same as back then, when I bought another book that she signed.

"Oh? You want to be my servant?"

"Although I'm very concerned about the difference between what you said and the word fan, whatever, you can say that."

"Then you should have said that earlier."

Elf looked very happy. She patted my back.

I totally understood. When I was giving my signature, I got that feeling too.

"Wait a minute. I will give you all of my books with my signature."

Then Elf began to dig into her pile of cardboard boxes while shaking her ass.

She's really got a lot of sample books….I will tell you guy my ugly thoughts : because of my jealousy with the impossible sales, I didn't buy any of her books back then.

But I need to make it clear that sales, or rather 'the number of books we sold in a day' had a very important meaning to us authors. Just like questionnaires to a weekly manga.

So I was conflicted with myself when I decided not to buy my competitor's book. I was probably the only one with that impure thought in mind.

"Okay! Here!"

Elf naively pushed her books to me. In front of her fan, her big ego had completely disappeared. She turned back into a child her age. Really, even I felt embarrassed.

"Thank you ~"

… I am very grateful.

'To be able to meet their favorite author whenever they wanted' -- it was one of the good things about this job. Many people would feel jealous because of that.

Although after the meeting, they might feel that their author isn't exactly what they imagined, thus their imagination is destroyed. So I don't recommend anyone to try and meet their favorite writer.

I carefully checked her signature.

"Your signature is really beautiful."

"Hm hm ~ I started practicing a while ago~ I knew that I was going to have to give my signature a lot when my novel was made into an anime!"

"After your novel was made into an anime, this will be valuable ~ can you give me some more for my friends?"

"Are you going to sell it?"

Entering my favorite author's room, receiving books with her signature, exchanging verbal attacks with her ---

Suddenly I thought 'What a happy scene'.

…It made me, made me…no, now is not the time to enjoy it.

*Hurry and remember why you are here. You weren't here to ask Yamada-sensei for her signature!*

"Say, by the way…."

"Yes?"

"Well, before you said -- you wanted to find Eromanga-sensei's real identity."

"Ah, that huh."

"How exactly are you going to do it? Actually, I'm interested in Eromanga-sensei's real identity too. Allow me to help."

Of course I was lying, but Elf believed me immediately.

She opened her notebook and said:

"By checking with real people on the Internet."

"As long as he goes online somewhere, he will leave his trace. Forum posts. Blog articles. The illustrations that he uploaded… There were a lot. We could get some specific personal information based on that."

Elf opened her computer's web browser, then went to Eromanga-sensei's blog.

"Eromanga-sensei is very active on the Internet -- so I should be able to gather something."

She spoke something so scary with a lighthearted tone.

"…So, if you find Eromanga-sensei, what will you do?"

"Contact him directly myself. Then let him read my perfect manuscript. After that, ask him to be my illustrator. I can't bear waiting for him anymore."

Her positive attitude made me feel like I was missing something .

"I have finished checking his blog."

"Did you find anything?"

"Hm ~ there isn't anything worth mentioning right now. There are some manga and anime -- but no illustrations, although normally there should have been a lot. No chat log or whatever. Seems like he doesn't participate in any activities. No real life friend either. Ah, looks like he's got one family member, but his parents….don't live with him? Basically, it's like that….He could be a hikikomori who never left his room. Looks like his house is in the current area, probably nearby."

"Wait wait! That was 'nothing worth mentioning'? There was a lot information just now!"

"Just now was my thoughts and conclusions only. We still don't know his real name or where he lives."

Although what you said was right, but this much was a huge leap forward.

I need to make preparations before she finally reaches my house .

"So…whats next?"

"Search for Eromanga-sensei's tweets."

Looked like Eromanga-sensei hold a special position inside Elf's heart. I stood behind her, just like a younger brother watching his elder brother play. After a while, Elf sighed.

"Failure. Looks like he doesn't have a twitter."

Thankfully, Eromanga-sensei doesn't announce his live video feeds.

"I see."

I slowly breathed a sigh of relief. Winning or losing didn't matter, what matters is Elf not knowing about Sagiri's true identity . Otherwise, things would be very troublesome.

"So are we going to end it here?

"Probably. Next -- well, let's watch Eromanga-sensei's live video feed. He is doing one as we speak."

"Oh…."

*Damn.*

"What?"

"It's nothing…I just think that we shouldn't do that today."

"Why?"

"Well, because…."

My heart raced. I unconsciously looked through the window to my house - to Sagiri's room.

She was innocently making a live video.

In addition, although I don't know what is she doing, from the way she leaned on the table, it didn't look like she was making art or anything. She looked like a child in kindergarten.

What a cute creature. She made people smile without knowing. If she knew that I'm looking at her, what expression would she show?

Although that though normally could brought a smile to my face, now wasn't the time.

"Kuh…Ugh…."

I tried to beat around the bush.

Should I tell the truth, that Eromanga-sensei is making that live video only a few meters away from here?

Should Elf and I watch my little sister's video right now?

Both didn't sound good. Because I was panicking, I couldn't think of anything. At that time, Elf asked me:

"You, where did you look at?"

"Ah!"

I was staring.

"It…it's nothing."

Elf didn't believe me for a second, she followed my eyes ---

"The next house --- your family?Ah ah --- that little girl?"

Elf saw Sagiri.

One second. Two seconds. Three seconds. I should hurry up and say something to her, but my mouth couldn't move.

Elf shot a meaningful glance toward my little sister, who was showing her true self. My forehead was covered in sweat. On Elf's computer, the live video from Eromanga-sensei had begun to run. If that continued, as soon as she checked the view on the screen and the current situation, she might figure out my little sister's secret identity.

Just like me when I found out.

*Not good….not good…not good not good not good -----*

"Pfffff!"

What? I looked at the source of that weird sound.

Elf burst into laughter in front of me.

"Ahahahahaha….your little sister looks so easy to tease…Khu khu khu…."

"……."

Eh? Why didn't it follow the situation I expected? I secretly peaked at the computer screen.

In the video, Eromanga-sensei was making weird sounds like ' Flewwww~' and 'Ya ~~~' while drawing a very ero-looking illustration. Although the screen didn't show herself, from the way the pointer moved it reflected her carefree mood.

On the other hand, the truth is Sagiri was indeed acting like that . Her beautiful white hair was a mess, her digital pen moved back and forth with ease. Although that didn't sound like a narration of someone who was drawing, it was the truth.

Elf didn't look at the screen, she pointed at Sagiri with trembling finger:

"Is your little sister drawing?"

"Yes."

I answered, despite wanting to hide the fact.

Even I didn't know why I said that.

"Is she always like that?"

"This is the first time I saw her."

"Does she like drawing?"

"Probably."

"She looks really energetic!"

"Ah ah."

"And happy too."

"Ah ah."

Really, why did she look so happy? Even I don't know for sure. The only thing I could understand was that this scene was full of happiness

Elf's throat emitted a strange sound. Now…unlike before, she had a gentle smile on her face.

"It's nice."

"Really?"

"I could understand her."

"For real?"

*I understood nothing, yet you said you understand?*

"I understand." She said with confidence: "But of course you couldn't."

All of those questions and answers were unclear, yet she still understood while I couldn't. Before I could voice my question, Elf said in a certain tone:

"Her drawings must be very good."

"……."

"She is so good that if it wasn't because of Eromanga-sensei, I would ask her for help with my work."

"Is that so?"

Although she is Eromanga-sensei herself. But Elf could say that even without seeing Sagiri's drawing.

In that instant, I had the urge to tell her the truth. But I immediately discarded this idea and said:

"About that, Yamada-sensei?"

"Ha? Why do you call me in that annoying way? Call me Elf."

"Then, Elf."

That was the first time I called her by name.

"Is that okay?"

"Thank you~"

"…What do you thank me for?"

"Hearing you say it just now made me very happy."

"Are you really a novelist? Such an insignificant thing could make you happy?"

"Writing a novel isn't like talking."

Her words really moved me.

Elf also laughed "…I was very happy." before continuing:

"You are nicer than I thought."

"What is the meaning of that? What did you just say?"

*You are a helpless one.*

Of course I couldn't say it out. Instead I said:

"About Eromanga-sensei, I will ask him to read your manuscript, so stop looking for him."

"Really? You will?"

"Leave it to me. I promise."

I said with confidence.

Elf stood up and walked to me.

She was right in front of me…until our faces almost touched.

"You have no chance of winning you know? I will take Eromanga-sensei from you."

"We won't know without trying. And I'm not going to accept defeat that easily."

I faced my opponent's eyes and announced in a low tone:

"Didn't I tell you that we need to have a showdown?"

"….Is that so?"

Elf averted her eyes and looked down.

A silence fell upon us.

After a while….

"…About that."

Finally, Elf whispered:

"…You, how did you become my fan?"

"What is with that sudden question? Can I not answer it?"

"No. Say it"

Elf looked up, her posture straight with a clear provocative-intent. Her eyes looked straight into me.

"……."

Truly, being asked that by one's favorite author is very troublesome.

*What should I do? It doesn't look like I can escape without answering …Kuh*

After a long silence, just when Elf was about to speak, I said:

"……..The first time I read your book."

"Uhm uhm."

"It wasn't a sad story. It was a funny story. Yet I cried."

It was the same for any manga, anime or novel. A very good love story would make you feel the same.

"After that, I became your fan."

"I see."

Elf blushed and looked down.

Another silence.

*…Do something. It looks like a confession scene. I'm embarrassed too!*

But since it came to this, I should finish myself.

"Back then, I experienced….something very bad. I didn't know what to do at all. I felt depressed, every day. Just when I thought life couldn't be worse, another bad thing happened. Simply put, I was totally beaten….But after I read your stupid story, after I both cried and laughed, I somehow recovered a little."

"I see…are you giving me a compliment?"

"Yes I am. Every time we met, I felt that your are a mess. But you really can write a good book."

"That was your way of praising? You're treating me like an idiot !"

"No, of course not."

Faced with this little girl's fist, I raised a hand to block her.

"How should I put it. Maybe you won't believe me, but back then, I really thought that novels could save mankind. Although now isn't the right time for it, I want to say thank. Thank you very much."

"Ah, you are welcome."

To conceal her embarrassment, Elf turned away.

"However, even I can't impress all the audience now."

That is normal. However, adding 'now' is really your style.

"But I'm a genius. Each of my books will make a hundred million readers cry."

She slowly took a breath and said with sincerity:

"But you, your book, could at least help save someone, right?"

My eyes widened, then I laughed and said:

"It's good if that's the case."

At that time, I couldn't remember the first person who told me his impression regarding my book.

And my little sister's laughter still rang loudly through the laptop's speaker.

# Chapter 4

# 第四章

It is now May. It has been half a month since that time.

I was still neck deep in trouble, but during that time I visited my competitor Elf's workshop many times.

There were three reasons:

First, she is the best-selling author; I hoped to learn something from her.

Second, to do recon.

And the third reason, also the most important one was because of my curiosity, since my favorite, best-selling author is living next to me.

Of course it's not a matter of like or hate.

Totally unlike that…

In short, Elf's work attitude was beyond my imagination.

"I! Told! Youuuuuuuuuuu!"

Once again, my voice came from Elf's workshop, full of anger.

"Get to work already!"

"Wah! I have no motivation!"

Elf rolled on her newly bought sofa and answered me in a lazy voice.

After school, I came to Elf's house - Crystal Palace.

Then I saw her in that lazy state. That best-selling author didn't do anything.

I have never seen her type anything with her laptop.

*Too lazy! You shouldn't be forgetting that your fan is standing right here.*

I was so moved when reading her book! How could I allow my favorite author to behave so lazily!

"No motivation this, no motivation that, you say the same thing every day! I didn't come here to hear you talk big or play around, you lazy! If this continues, you won't be able to finish your manuscript in time."

"So what?"

"So what? Didn't you say you want to write something new that will be made into an anime and something else for the showdown with me? Both of their deadlines are the end of this month. Don't you think that the current situation is bad?"

"My editor said the same thing, but I never said that I would finish it by the end of the month ~ nor do I remember accepting that deadline ~ Besides, I didn't even write a single word ~ Hm, if this continues…."

Elf kept pressing on her gamepad while lecturing me. She even pretends to act innocent:

"Eheheh, but that doesn't matter right? Deadlines, or things like that, are nothing but a small game. I could drag it on until whenever I like. And then …and then what? Hm, for a genius like me, do you think I need something as trivial as a manuscript? --- Totally not! I don't need that! As soon as the bond to my freedom is removed, I will be able to write….."

"Are you an idiot?"

…Strange. Real strange. I thought she was cool back then, but…
.

She really is useless! It was just a moment of mistake!

How could she face the incoming deadline with a smile and keep playing games? Unbelievable.

Now isn't the time to play Monster Hunter!

"Hey hey Yamada-sensei…didn't you say that you wanted to write the ultimate light novel?"

"I definitely will. Now I'm gathering magical power. In order to make a masterpiece, I need to be fully charged. Don't bother me anymore."

Every time it ended up like that! She always managed to come up with another excuse. Her editor probably had a very hard time.

"Compared to that, Masamune, come and take the second gamepad. I got another one somewhere around here."

"Play my foot!"

"Then go make tea for me. What a slow man!"

"Who do you think you are!?"

Although I was shouting, Elf still laid down on the sofa without any intention of looking away from the game screen.

"So troublesome ~ look at yourself, didn't you call yourself my servant?"

"I am your fan, but that doesn't mean that I'm your servant!"

"Anyway, can you take care of such a solitary and beautiful girl like me? You can't even do that?"

"Go find Ryuuji from Toradora to release your impure thoughts! There is no one like that in real life. Besides ---"

I glanced at Elf's workshop.

The small mountain of cardboard boxes had been cleared. The floor was also cleaned, the furniture was sparkling. Even if Ryuuji came out now, there would be nothing for him to do.

"----You aren't Aisaka Taiga either. Say, how did this room became so clean? You are a slacker, but could it be that you have a cleaning hobby?"

"You can say that. Besides, it would be bad if my room was dirty when someone came."

"Hmm…"

*So she cleaned up because of me?*

The first time I was invited, I did have mixed feelings. Even the way I spoke was more formal.

Is that the reason I became close to her? Unbelievable.

"By the way…."

Looking back, this room seemed like it was cleaned recently. My high school was nearby, and I went straight home after the last lesson ended.

After Elf came back from middle school, did she finish cleaning before I came? I was a bit curious, so I asked her directly.

"By the way, where is your school? Do you go to the same school as my little sister?"

"I don't go to school."

"Ha?"

"How could I go? Besides, I don't need that."

Elf didn't look at me, she just answered while lying down on the sofa.

*What? She didn't go to school? In other words….*

"….You only have an elementary school graduation diploma?"

"You…I forbid you from saying that word!"

My words turned into a dagger and, getting stabbed, made her stop playing and stand up.

Her pure white leg slowly showed itself from her skirt. Compared to the usual lolita clothes, this one looked very daring.

"You, you, you you you! …You revealed my secret! Who do you think is still in elementary school?"

"You, of course. Because you didn't go to middle school, right? So this must be the reason."

"……..Kuh."

"That's no good Yamada-sensei. It's no good if you only have an elementary diploma! Although I don't know about other jobs, a novelist still in elementary school is no good."

"Is that so?"

"It is. That kind of novelist is the same as a freelancer from Final Fantasy 5. The most basic, bottom of the barrel class."

"Hey, what was with that last sentence of yours?"

I ignored Elf's protest and said:

"It would be such a waste if you only have an elementary school graduation diploma. People only have one chance to become a middle school student! Hurry! Go to school! Whatever school is fine!"

"There is no need for me to go! I'm the best-selling author![19] That is why I forbid you from saying that word!"

"You! You, what you just said….!"

My eyes widened.

"I, I I I I…I was beaten by someone who only graduated from elementary school?"

How could that be…to think that something like this could be true…

This was a strong blow to my mental state. I was unable to accept this fact.

I wanted to immediately share this fact with other adults, the highly educated authors who graduated from Waseda University …

Let me tell them about this troubled junior who only graduated from elementary school. Let me watch their expressions. They must be very frustrated ~~

"What is with your expression?" Elf interrupted "By the way -- your little sister is the same too."

"…..Did I ever tell you about my little sister?"

"You didn't, but I can recognize my kin. Normally, that girl always stays in her room."

"I see…"

*Sagiri you idiot! I told you to close the curtains!*

She is a hikikomori, yet she still left her curtains open? How much trouble did she want?

Why didn't she just leave it closed….

Still… however…

Did Elf know that Sagiri is a hikikomori? Well, I need to make sure that she didn't know that Sagiri is Eromanga-sensei.

"Take your concern to your little sister instead of me."

"She is fine, because she is cute and hardworking. You aren't, because not only are you not cute, you also don't work hard."

"Oh!? I'm cuter right?"

"Totally not."

*You don't even have the right to compare.*

"Kuh…! That, that girl only stays in her room and draws every day! Compared to a professional like me, I'm more of a hard worker!"

*You aren't the only one who works as a professional though…* Of course I couldn't say it to her.

"Anyway" I reverted back to the main topic "Hurry up and start working."

"So I said ~ I have no motivation. Don't you understand human's language?"

"Being motivated or not is not important. Having a job means that you have to work every day."

"Wow!"

Elf sounded very surprised. She paled and trembled, as if she just saw a ghost.

"You, you…you…could it be…you never rest?…Until now, until now….you always write novels…that way?"

"Of course. My rejection rate is very high, so unless I write everyday ---"

"Don't write anything without motivationnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn!!!!!!!!!!"

*Smack*. Elf slapped me hard.

"????"

Of course, I totally failed to understand the reason.

Covering my face in pain, I was confused.

"Idiot…you…you…how much of an idiot are you! I finally get it ….I understand now…! Because you write that way, your novels are all boring!"

"You, what did you say….?"

"When you have no motivation, whatever you write won't be any good! How could you not understand something so simple? Are you a pig?"

Yamada-sensei is really angry now. Looks like she couldn't stand my argument earlier.

"But, isn't our job to write a novel even without motivation?"

"That's why I said you're an idiot! Compared to a novel written while 'trying to finish it without motivation', a novel written when you have max motivation is much better!"

"But….still…."

"Shut up! Unless you have max motivation, do not write anything no matter what! Otherwise, not only will you be unable write anything remotely close to your true ability, you won't feel happy while writing! Just like, just like… a perfunctory work."

"……"

What she said…it's not like I don't understand. But….

"Does that mean…you always finish your work that way?"

I finally managed to ask her how she worked --- yet the answer was outside my expectations.

"I, I never do any work."

"Ha? But you're the best-selling author?"

"That's true. But it's just my hobby."

"Wh…what?"

Elf stood up from the sofa and walked towards the table. She picked up her laptop and said:

"I became an author because of my hobby."

I was speechless. An author with sales ten time higher than me …just now, what did she say? Did I hear the word 'hobby'?

"Simply put, it's like a kind of entertainment for me. Some might call this a job, but until now, not once did I think that way. Writing is my hobby. That is the most exciting, most addictive game in the world!"

Somehow, the scene of Sagiri cheerfully drawing appeared in my head.

"Since you also play the same game, don't disappoint me. I can't stand your boring life."

This girl….how should I put it…this…this made me angry.

I'm furious.

That showdown between me and her was very important. It already had me fired up.

I never thought…that something else could fire me up even more.

Amazing. As expected of the best-selling author. The one who bought a house with her own royalties.

I was right in coming here. I learned a valuable lesson. My jealousy was laughable.

"Good. Good you damn elf. I will definitely crush you under my foot."

I announced to my arch nemesis:

"I'm the professional one here. How could I lose to someone who doesn't take writing seriously, like you!"

"Because I don't take it seriously, that's why I will not lose to someone who treats it like work, like you!"

She is the only one I won't lose to.

I have to win!

And so --- this time, Elf and I became hostile.

Although I said that --- the next night…

Beep beep beep beep beep beep*

"Hello, it's Izumi."

"It's me! Hey, why didn't you come today?"

We have a hostile relationship, yet still close enough to give each other a call.

Since I was busy with work, I frowned. Still, I answered:

"Because I was busy (very busy, in fact)…and I have to go to school."

"Hm, is that so? Then will you come tomorrow?"

"Of course. Of course not, that is! Not tomorrow, not the day after tomorrow."

"Oh!...Why?"

Elf's voice sounded confused…this girl…she asked me why…

"….You really don't know?"

"No I don't. Tell me…I…could it be that I did something wrong ?"

…She sounded sad. It didn't look like she was pretending to not know and called here to mock me. She really didn't know.

"….Hey, aren't we arch enemies?"

There is no reason to visit one's arch nemesis' house -- just when I was about to say that.

"Hm? No we are not."

"Haaaa?"

"Whoa?"

A question mark popped up between our conversations.

"It's not like we are arch enemies or anything right?"

"No no no no. We bet Eromanga-sensei in a showdown --- although we did get a bit closer, because of our disagreement in writing yesterday, didn't we become distant again?"

I thought that after I said that, no matter how dense Elf is, she would understand why I didn't come to her house again.

"Ah ah ah, that huh. Don't worry about it. I will win anyway."

"What….?"

Ah, so that's it. No wonder we weren't be able to understand each other. So that's why. This girl never considered me to be her competitor. Facing someone she can easily beat, no wonder she didn't think about it too much.

That's why she naturally called me and asked 'Why didn't you come today'.

"What you said really made me angry! I will definitely make you cry later!"

"Then try your best, I will even aid you. So, about the main topic -- will you come tomorrow?"

"Listen to me Yamada-sensei. Why do you want me to come over to your house that much?"

"Wh, wh, what are you saying! Are you an idiot! It's not like I want to invite you to my house!"

"Fine fine, don't answer me with a textbook tsundere example."

"Ack…what you said really made me angry! I will definitely make you cry! Just you wait!"

"Then try your best, I will even aid you. Listen, why should someone who is neck deep in shit like me waste my time at your house?"

"……."

A short silence fell on us.

*….Was I too hard? Even if she was my nemesis… she's just a little girl, one who is younger than me…maybe I was too hard on her.*

When I was about to apologize, Elf said:

"…You, didn't you say that you wanted to see me work? As a reference ---?"

"…Yes."

Before I distanced myself from her, I did say that. But since she didn't work at all, there was no reference that I could get.

Elf said:

"I….Tomorrow, I'm going to work. If you like, come and take a look."

The next day, after school, I arrived at the Crystal Palace with a complex expression.

After spending half a month in front of me without working, best-selling author-sama, Elf finally decided to work. I was a bit nervous. Just standing here gave me cold sweat.

"….Bwuuuu."

No. Stay calm. It's normal for a novelist to write something.

Strange…was I affected by her?

*Ding dong* I pressed the doorbell. Soon, her voice came from the intercom.

She sounded very serious:

[Show your identification.]

"I'm the light."

[Return to us…the Sanctuary Gate has opened.]

Immediately after that, the door opened. Of course, not because of some strange superpower, it was just because Elf unlocked it.

….So troublesome. Unless I played along, she wouldn't allow me to enter. If the 'never opened door' in my house was the same, I would be more than willing to play.

I looked at the door again. It was wide open; the holy atmosphere just now was completely blown away.

Elf wearing a white apron appeared in front of me.

"You are here! You made me wait!"

"….So what?"

We stared at each other before asking:

"Today….didn't you say that you wanted to show me how you work?"

Yet Yamada Elf-sensei appeared in a gorgeous puffy apron. I had no idea what to do. In fact, I even thought that I somehow entered a maid café by mistake.

Elf pulled her apron and said:

"Just like you see, I am prepared to work ~"

"Say, your job is novelist, right?"

*Not a maid, right?*

"Hmm? Why did you ask something so obvious?"

"I asked because I don't get it! Tell me, why a novelist's job requires an apron?"

"Aside from cooking, what else do you think this apron is for? Hurry up and follow me."

*??? What….is she saying????*

Still with a mountain of unanswered questions in my head, I followed Elf to the living room.

"Please sit down."

Just when she was treating me like usual - Ding dong - the doorbell rang. Elf went to the intercom and said:

"Show your identification…….. Return to us…the Sanctuary Gate has opened"

She cut off the connection and turned to me:

"Black cat has arrived."

"Arrived my ass! Do you treat the courier that way too?"

"Of course. Why else do you think I installed this intercom? Treating all the guests the same as my enemy who came to take my manuscript is rude, aren't you the one who said that?"

"Although I did said that….."

*Don't you feel sorry for the courier who had to play that game every time?*

"I'm going to make a little trip to the entrance. Sorry, please take care of things here."

"Alright alright. Although I don't know what are you talking about, I will do it."

*What did Elf order this time?*

"….Food ingredients?"

"Yes ~ I also buy goods via the Internet."

The internet can surely supply you with anything. However the prices are higher, so I never use it.

"Alright, get over here."

"Right right."

Both of us brought the ingredients to the refrigerator. It turned into a cooking session, despite me coming here to watch Yamada-sensei work.

"...Although I don't know what you are going to make, do you need my help?"

"No no, today we aren't playing with that setting. I can do this myself. Please return to the living room."

This girl is still making people as confused as ever. What does she mean, 'aren't playing with that setting'?

"From the amount of ingredients, looked like it will take a long time….can I go back home instead? I still have to write."

"No. Write here if you must. Understand?"

Looks like I won't be able to run away.

…This girl…what is she thinking?

Although I don't know what Elf is thinking, if I'm allowed to write here then I don't need to run away anymore. I came to Elf's workshop and planned to print my manuscript out (I brought it with me in a flashdrive). Because I came here a few times before, I knew how to use her printer.

Elf has a high tech laser printer with many functions. I don't have a printer at my home, so when I want to print, I need to go to the school office or an internet shop.

To be honest, I was quite jealous.

I was watching the printer print my manuscript when...

"Hmmm?"

Suddenly it stopped. Looks like it ran out of paper.

"Hey ~ where do you keep paper for the printer?"

I opened the door and shouted downstairs. Then Elf came, still wearing an apron.

"Out of paper? Are you kidding me? I haven't used it since the last time I added more. Because I don't work at all."

"……."

Pretending like nothing happened, I looked away from Elf.

"You! You used my printer to print a lot, didn't you?"

Of course, my crime was soon exposed. I immediately bowed to Elf and apologized:

"Sorry. Because I felt that buying a new printer was a waste… especially when there was one like this nearby."

"That's why every time you came to my house, you asked to borrow my printer --- just go buy one for yourself! Wow! My store of A4 paper is empty! You really just printed your manuscript? Don't lie to me because I rarely read your book! Just how much have you wrote in half a month?"

*How much I wrote in half a month…well….about…*

"Two novels per week, each one about three hundred pages…. So half a month is a thousand and two hundred."

"A thousand….."

Elf's expression looked like Doraemon who just saw a mouse.[20]

"A thousand and two hundred? Did you just say a thousand and two hundred?"

"Ah, well, yeah."

By the way, since I printed on both sides of the A4 paper, the actual number was only a half of that. Meaning around six hundred.

"…Don't be so angry. I will pay you for the ink cartridges and paper later."

"That's not the problem! That's not the problem here…Two novels per week, each three hundred pages long? If that is true…. then how many per month….?"

"Eight volumes."

"Yes! That's eight volumes! Around two thousands and…few hundreds more? In other words…even if this is a 'what if' situation …if everything you wrote was accepted…."

"You could have eighty eight volumes each year?"

"No, ninety six!"

*Best-selling author, do you know how to do basic math?*

"……."

Elf didn't say anything.

Her face reddened a bit, but she was showing a 'this doesn't matter' expression.

"Yes! Ninety six volumes! It was a small mistake!"

"….Eight multiplied by twelve means adding eight twelve times , remember?"

"Don't treat me like an idiot! I, I, I don't care! This is easy!"

Elf's face turned red in anger.

It was a big disgrace for her to make a basic, elementary school mistake in front of others.

As for the matter of whether one should go to school or not, Elf is the perfect example showing that without proper education, even a best-selling author will meet problems.

"I, I, I'm just surprised because you could write ninety six volumes each year."

"I told you before; even I couldn't keep up with this speed forever. My writing will be reduced to half during weekends, not to mention that if I was sick."

Ninety six is just a theoretical number. The truth is, seven volumes a year is my best record (my illustrator was very busy that year).

Last year, I had fallen into Hell without any published novel.

"Even so, you have completely finished your skill tree[21]. Obliviously, your sales don't reach one million, yet you have that A-class skill…This is the first time I've seen someone like you."

Although I didn't understand her immediately, but after thinking for a while, I remembered that she once said "Only a ' Greater Novelist' with more than one million sales can have his own unique skill" – that kind of self-satisfied illusion.

…Kuh kuh…although that was the first time she acknowledged me as a competitor, I didn't feel happy.

"Say, as a 'Greater Novelist', do you have a useless unique skill? "

Hearing her favorite topic, Elf laughed:

"My unique skill is quite powerful. I can't use it freely, but when I use that, my power could surpass your 'fast writing' skill."

"Is that so?"

Elf sounded so serious that I regretted playing along with her.

"You will know soon enough...when I beat you."

Much later, thinking back, I should have noticed it.

The truth about Elf's fearsome skill – there were some hints here .

--- And moving on. If this was a special power fighting-based novel, I would do a monologue now. Oh god, I felt so embarrassed .

In short, after that, we returned to the first floor.

Elf returned to the kitchen to make meal while I began checking my manuscript in the living room (since we ran out of A4 paper, I had to use another size to print it out).

A long time later…when I was sitting on a cushion in the living room, Elf brought me a small tray.

"Can you help me taste this soup a bit?"

"Huh? Ah, sure."

I put my pen and my manuscript down.

She said to taste a bit, but on the tray that she brought, there were many nicely done dishes.

Carrot, tofu….and a half boiled egg in the middle like a main heroine.

The outer part was pure white and looked like the clothes of a maiden.

The wonderful smell coming from the beef broth made me gulp.

What a perfect combination of smell and appearance. I really want to eat.

"….."

I took the tray and began ~ to take a sip.

One sip….One more….

Something encouraged me to begin removing the maiden's clothes. With each bite, the smell spread in my mouth.

"……."

Awesome! I kept looking for the next dishes. I took a spoon and put the half-boiled egg inside my mouth together with the other dishes.

*Chew…chew*

"How is it? The taste?"

"Awesome!"

That was all I could say.

Compared to my meals this past year, Elf really is on another level.

"Really? This is my 'Nude Spring Elven Soup'! This is only an appetizer, please wait for the rest!"

"Sure!"

To tell you the truth, the moment I tasted this perversely named 'Nude Spring Elven Soup', the question 'I came here to watch you work, how did it turn out to be like this' had been thrown to the sky.

Although I threw that question to the sky, I asked another question:

"Awesome cooking, being able to clean the house… you totally turned my first impression about you around… Aren't your levels as a girl a bit too high?"

Good at cooking, cleaning and can play the piano. A beautiful girl to boot.

The only downside was her personality. Just like a high-class lady in a light novel.

Hearing my question, Elf simply answered

"I'm a professional; that trivial stuff isn't even worth mentioning ."

"Wh, what? What do you mean by that?"

"It's nothing. How could a professional writer be bad at cooking ? And I had never seen a pro that didn't know how to clean up either. Because a girl who is good at cooking or cleaning or not will show that part in her novel. In order to make the reader like that girl, the author has to practice. So our level as a girl would of course be high."

"…….Is that so?"

Well, despite her personality, she sure seems to be good at cooking.

"Yes it is. For example, Though you can't ask the author of a mystery novel to go kill someone, that author has to investigate a criminal's mindset. 'What does one feel when they take a life', they have to be able to imagine that. But to do it themselves is the best way to feel that emotion. The joy when you make a good meal, the happy feeling when you improve yourself, the regret when you make a mistake. It's the best if you are able to taste it yourself. That's what being a professional means."

'All female authors are high-level girls' - although It felt a bit one-sided…

But, how should I put it, this girl.

She didn't go to school, but she is good at learning.

"…Didn't you say that you write novels because it's your hobby ?"

"It would be boring if I didn't play this game seriously -- for example, I wouldn't be able to feel the joy of making meal if I asked someone to do it for me."

Elf sat down in front of me, both of her elbows hit the table to support her face. She asked:

"Say…is it good?"

I felt like someone just grabbed my heart. I tried to make a poker face and said:

"Awesome! Didn't I say so already?"

"Really? I'm happy too. Thank you…for making me like to cook more -- thank you, that was a good reference."

"----------"

Truly, if a cute girl told you that, anyone would fall for her.

Especially the 'good reference part'. Although I didn't get it, I was still moved.

"….Reference huh. Is this the 'todays work' you meant earlier?"

"Yes. So, how was that reference?"

"Very useful."

Although it wasn't a direct answer…but I felt like I hit something important.

About Elf's 'writing hobby', I have to admit, it allows her to write very well. Not to mention her books sell very well too.

What is the reason?

Compared to me from three years ago, when I was also 'writing because it's my hobby', is there any difference?

Now, I finally understood where my weak point was three years ago.

That is how much people tried. Trying to impress the reader, that is the professionals way of thinking.

And she…she said writing is her hobby, but she understood this point.

Maybe…compared to me who treats writing like a job, she is better.

And on top of that, I noticed something else.

Something that all main characters in sports manga had in common.

All of them had fun when they played their game. All of them really enjoyed their activities.

Moreover, although there was a hint of denpa[22], this real girl also said that ---

*A novel written when you had max motivation is much better ----*

*I won't be able to feel the joy when making a meal if I asked someone to do it for me ---*

*Writing is my hobby.*

Her complaints reappeared in my mind.

The overwhelming pressure from my competitor made me unable to look up.

In other words -- in other words, what should I do? What should I do now?

What should I do in order to write a better novel?

Should I give up on trying to force myself and try to enjoy writing?

What exactly should I do?

Unlike the best-selling author Elf, even when I understood this point, I still didn't know what to do. My novels are always in danger of being rejected, and I even slowly lost confidence that I would be able to win against her.

Can I think of anything?

The truth was that the answer had always been by my side. I noticed that eventually.

Later ---

Today too, Yamada Elf-sensei didn't write anything.

Like she never cared about what she said.

*…Hey, if you don't write something, then I will win by default, you know?*

*…Really, what are you thinking?*

When the sun was about to set, with both of my hands full, I left the Crystal Palace.

"…What a super delicious meal…"

That was all I could manage to say.

"I couldn't help but ask her for my little sister's portion too."

Although it's painful to compare my meal to this, I bet my little sister will be happy if she ate it.

"…She is probably hungry by now. I should hurry."

When I get back, I slowly climbed the stairs.

With each steps, my legs grew heavier.

Why, you ask?

Although I was affected by a certain professional writer…

--- No, it isn't that.

After that incident, I wasn't able to speak with my little sister again, nor could I meet her.

We returned to what it was like before.

I arrived at the second floor and stood in front of 'The never opened door'.

"Haaaaa!"

I shook my head to clear my negative thoughts.

As her elder brother, I shouldn't show her my depressed face.

"Phew ~ ha…good."

I took a deep breath and calmed down ---

*Crankkkkkkk*

"Wah!"

Just when I was about to call out, the 'Never opened door' opened.

"……."

Behind that was my little sister in her pajamas.

Yet…..

"……."

Although it was rare for Sagiri to open the door for me, she didn't say anything.

"…Sa, Sagiri?"

"……."

Even if I asked, she didn't respond.

I couldn't bear this pressure anymore. When I was on the verge of crying, my little sister finally moved.

"……"

Still with a blank expression, Sagiri made a hook with her index finger.

*That meant….*

"…You want me to come in?"

"……"

Sagiri didn't confirm or deny, she just shot a cold glare that gave me a chill before turning away.

"Ah, hey."

I got the feeling that if this continued, the door will close again, thus I followed her and entered the room.

That was how I once more successfully entered 'The never opened door'.

Compared to last time, my little sister's room didn't change much.

The only difference…was the open curtains which lead to the balcony.

"Didn't I tell you to not open the curtains? The one over there's got a bit of a loose screw in her head."

Somehow, the image of Elf sneezing appeared in my head.

Sagiri stood in the middle of the room, biting her lower lip and turned to me.

"……"

What I just said was intended to erase this atmosphere, but it turned out the pressure I felt from my little sister increased. Why …why? Did I say something wrong?

Damn…I had no idea what to do now.

I'm so useless. I had written thousands of pages about a character's activities, but I understood nothing about what my little sister was thinking. But even then, I couldn't just stand here and do nothing. I had to think of something quick…!

"About…about that neighbor of ours."

I showed her what I had brought.

"I got it from her. It's very good, want to have a bite?"

"….No need."

Although she finally said something…

"Why….? Aren't you hungry?"

"……."

Once again, Sagiri became silent. She clearly wasn't the emotionless type, she showed me a lot of expressions before. Why was she like this? I couldn't understand.

Anyway, I put everything in my hands down and slowly said:

"…Are you angry with something? I can't understand without you telling me."

"….Liar."

"Liar? Who?"

Sagiri pouted and pointed at my face.

"…Me?"

"….Yes."

"Me, liar….? Sorry, I don't get it. Why? Can you explain it for me?"

We tried to continue our struggled communication.

The last time we met, I understood that she seemed to be angry with me. But she didn't tell me why even when I asked. Now she looked even angrier despite the fact that I brought her a meal.

What exactly is going on?

My little sister's feelings are so complicated.

"…So I say…."

I didn't know how to continue.

Sagiri - Eromanga-sensei.

She clearly talks a lot during her live videos, but when it's face to face, she's unable to speak.

"Kuh, kuh, kuh….kuh kuh ~~~~~~~~~~~~"

Like she couldn't take it anymore, Sagiri closed her eyes and began swinging her fists at me.

Although I tried to understand what she was thinking, I had no idea.

"Really…!"

Sagiri glared fiercely at me then, took her digital board out and began drawing immediately. Not even ten seconds later, a finished illustration was presented in front of me.

"This!"

"So fast! What is that?...Could it be …me?"

Sagiri showed me an illustration of myself.

A manga-style dialog box next to 'me', which showed 'Neighbor ? We have a bad relationship.'

"I feel…feel…'not-me' here looks like he deserves a beating… what does that mean?"

"……."

Once more, Sagiri began to draw again. Although speaking directly would be much faster, it looks like she is an exception.

Sagiri tapped the screen and asked:

"…This."

She showed me an illustration of a naked beautiful blond girl.

"What do you think?"

"You're asking me…."

*Is she asking for my impression? Well….*

"What an erotic illustration.... Ouch it hurts! Don't hit me with the digital board!"

"I, idiot! I'm not asking about that! Something else…Something else….!"

Something else? What else is there for me to evaluate? Although I wanted to say that, I ended up with…

"Something else huh…."

A super erotic illustration of a naked beautiful blond girl…what else could I say…hm….

"….Un ~ it's not like it's nothing, but it shouldn't matter anyway …."

"….Tell me."

No, I truly believe it shouldn't matter. But I must give her an answer, so I had no choice but to say:

"Actually, I was always wondering: why do girls in your illustrations always have flat chests?"

"…….!"

Sagiri blushed and turned away.

She was angry with me just now, but her momentum quickly disappeared.

"That, that's because…."

"I did tell you that I hoped you could draw girls with bigger breasts, but even now, you totally ignore my request."

"No, that's not it…I did try to draw it bigger."

"But I can't see any differences."

When I made my debut, since my request was ignored, I had no choice but to give up on this idea and kill off all of the big breasted girls in my book.

Because she didn't draw them.

"Because…."

Sagiri muttered to herself. Her face was deep red, her eyes wandered.

Her expression was the same as Elf when I told her that 'I remembered the scene when the first girl got laid, It still feels like shit', looks like Sagiri treats this very seriously.

Seems like I just touched on something Eromanga-sensei can't do.

"Towards erotic illustration….I had…I had some…lines of my own."

Sagiri told me clearly:

"I don't want to draw something that I haven't seen before!"

…….

A dead silence reigned in the room.

"About that….."

Her line when drawing erotic illustration is she will not draw something she had never seen before.

In comparison to Elf's reference from before, it was similar… somewhat. Because I'm not entirely sure about this 'line' stuff, I couldn't understand it perfectly…but.

Among what Sagiri just said, there was a big problem.

"….In other words…until now, your illustrations…all of them were things that you had seen before?"

"That can't be helped. For example, I couldn't get references about other races in 'The Silver Wolf'. For example, I needed to imagine drawing an elf. But underwear and human bodies….if that is something I have never seen before, I will not draw it."

"No, no, I didn't plan on asking you that."

"…Oh?"

Since I didn't make it clear earlier, I repeated my question:

"I meant…when you draw an erotic illustration…."

"Ah!"

This time, Sagiri understood what I meant -- her face immediately reddened.

I decided to come clean:

"You said that your illustrations…."

"Stop!"

*Thud* Sagiri hit me with the digital board as hard as she could.

"Idiot! Idiot! Idiot! Hentai! Pervert! Nii-san you….!"

* Thud Thud Thud Thud * She gave my face a four-hit combo.

"Stop…! I'm sorry, okay…! It hurts so much…! Why is this thing is so hard?!"

Since it was meant to show letters and numbers, shouldn't it be made from plastic or liquid crystal? That sounded like it was made from metal! Is it a special version?

"…Ha…ha…"

Luckily hikikomori don't have much endurance, Sagiri soon was out of breath.

….I remembered that Eromanga-sensei had an illustration of a butt with a rope panty (in a nice pose). When fans saw it, they were very excited.

"….Could it be that illustration of a butt…"

I turned to the mirror in the corner.

*…Sagiri….she looked at it using this mirror…*

"No! That's not it!"

* Thud Thud Thud Thud *

"I haven't said anything yet! Calm down!"

"You imagined it! You definitely just imagined me in an erotic pose….!"

Both embarrassed and angry, Sagiri looked like she would spit out fire at any moment.

"I didn't!"

"Liar!"

Sagiri breathed heavily and spoke in a barrage:

"De, definitely! You just imagined me on all fours, looking at myself in the mirror and drawing that erotic illustration! You think that I'm a pervert who bought a rope panty to draw an illustration! "

"I told you I never imagined it in that much detail!"

Since she just came clean, now I felt that my little sister is such a pervert.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh"

Sagiri bite her lower lip and looked at me like she was about to cry.

No good…she's about to cry!

I shouted:

"As an elder brother, I will definitely not look at my little sister and think about perverted stuff!"

"!"

Since I suddenly yelled, Sagiri was shocked.

Then she whispered, like she was looking for a confirmation.

"….Really?"

"Ah, yes."

"….Even if I wore that kind of G-string panty, you will not look down on me and think of me as an ero kid?"

"How could I?" I answered with confidence.

*So it's called a G-string panty?*

I knew nothing about it! Who could have thought my hikikomori little sister could have something like that!

"Since you doubted me earlier, I will make it clear. I had decided to be a good elder brother to you. I will make you accept me. So no matter how much of a pervert you are, I will not look at you and think of perverted stuff. I will also not have those kind of feelings towards you. And the most important thing is, I will definitely not look down on you."

I raised my chest and spoke my faith.

"That's what an elder brother is."

So don't worry, Sagiri.

To protect one's little sister is an elder brother's duty.

"……."

Hearing me say that, Sagiri kept silent and showed a complex expression. She was the type who clearly showed what she thought, but now…I had no idea what was her expression meant.

If I had to guess, it had a mix of joy, anger and happiness ---

"You are an idiot."

With that expression on her face, Sagiri said so.

"You are a pervert and a liar. I don't care. I won't believe you."

*So it's turned into this huh?*

"…Well, about the 'I'm a liar' part…."

I once again took the weapon -- no, the digital board from Sagiri's hand, which was showing a naked beautiful blond girl.

"This illustration…could it be that…Elf, no Yamada-san?"

"……"

Sagiri didn't answer, she just turned this way.

"Am I right? What is the relationship with this naked girl and ' I'm a liar'?"

"…..!"

* Scribble scribble scribble *

Sagiri once again took the digital pen. She quickly finished another illustration and showed me.

"……This."

"….Mwuuuuuuu."

She showed me the previous illustration, which had me looking like I deserved a beating and 'Neighbor? We had a bad relationship.'

"And this."

She kept the digital board facing me and slid her finger.

The screen changed to the next illustration ---

Next, it showed me seeing ero-Elf, fully naked. "Not-me" was laughing perversely.

"…This, this…"

My mouth was twitching.

"…And this."

Sagiri slid her finger once more.

Inside Elf's workshop, "not-me" was happily chatting with Elf.

"…Ug…kuh."

I turned toward the opened curtains in Sagiri's room.

I always felt that it was strange…Hikikomori shouldn't have a reason to open their curtains…Now I see.

"….Sagiri, you."

"Next"

She slid her finger again.

"Not-me" brought a pack back while smiling

[I brought a good meal. Are you hungry.]

Slide.

[Neighbor? We had a bad relationship.]

Slide. Slide. Slide.

Four illustrations kept repeating themselves in front of my eyes.

[----- Neighbor? We had a bad relationship------.]

Sagiri opened her mouth:

"Liar."

"I do not have a good relationship with herrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

What a troublesome mess!

Sagiri muttered again:

"Liar."

"Listen to me! I didn't lie! True, recently I visited that house a lot ! But I have a reason!"

There is no need to explain this thing, right? I had nothing to fear. Even if I did lie and flirt with my neighbor - there shouldn't be any reason for Sagiri to be puzzled, nor do I have to explain and calm her down.

I didn't get it at all.

Sagiri asked me:

"What is your reason?"

"About that ---"

Now, since I had a promise with my neighbor 'For a fair match, I will think of some way to get Eromanga-sensei to read Elf's manuscript'.

If I told her that, then I will have to tell her Yamada Elf-sensei's real identity.

….But I don't want to.

Of course, I will abide by my promise and let Eromanga-sensei read Elf's manuscript.

But I don't want to tell my little sister that the best-selling author, Yamada Elf-sensei is living next to us.

No, no. I want to hide it.

Aside from the promise of a fair match, I still hesitated.

Elf is much better than me. She lived next to me, and she also wanted Eromanga-sensei's help.

And like Sagiri, she didn't go to school either -- I don't want to say it. I always had a feeling that if I said it out, I will lose my most important co-worker. That was why I hesitated.

Such negative feelings made me embarrassed.

"…I can't tell you now."

Next month, I will tell you.

After we finish our manuscript and you read them both.

Next month.

"Is that so?"

Sagiri seemed disappointed with my answer. Her eyes showed a hint of hidden emotion, she muttered:

"…You liar. You, you always lied to me. Nii-san this and that…. "

Sagiri finished:

"Nii-san. I hate the most"

Based on what I heard, Sagiri was no longer confused about my relationship with Elf.

Is that how my little sister saw me after spending a year living under the same roof?

" --- You hate me the most huh."

"Hate you the most. Don't want to see your face again."

Fine then. Now isn't the time to feel depressed or down.

I know that - Izumi Masamune knows that - if I didn't show her my determination here, then I had no right to be her brother.

"Then I will prove that I'm not a liar."

"…How are you going to do that?"

Now is the time to announce my determination.

"I have decided. I can do it."

"……What are you talking about?"

"I, since a year ago, there was something always on my mind. What should I do to gain my little sister's trust? As Sagiri's elder brother, what should I do in order to become closer to her? What should I do so you can accept me?"

"……."

"Finally, last month…I found out about your secret, found out that we have been working together for a long time."

*Yahhhhhhhhhhh! So cool so cool so cool ----!*

I caught a chance to become closer to my little sister, when she was at her purest mood.

*Let's have a showdown! I will not give you my co-worker.*

When I announced that to a professional anime writer.

"I have thought about it very, very much."

My spirit was sky high. This is the first time I felt this way since I had my debut -- like when I first saw my reader pick up my novel, when I first saw people line up at the bookstore to buy my book --- I felt 'I'm so happy!'

*…Because it was fun. Drawing illustrations, making live videos, chatting with each other.*

*Idiot! Idiot! Idiot! Hentai! Pervert!*

I was happy because I could have some small conversations with my little sister now. I can't help but feel excited about what the future holds.

Recently, I ---

Just like Eromanga-sensei felt happy when she drew like a child , I was feeling the same. My head was thinking only about Eromanga-sensei, I spent sleepless nights trying to write a new novel.

"Then I finally realized."

I started to make a breakthrough. I faced this problem with both happiness and determination.

"I realized --- what I should do."

Get ready to be surprised!

Normally, with maximum motivation, I could happily write, I could make a much better novel.

That novel could force my noisy editor to shut up, could make a troublesome professional anime writer get lost, could make Eromanga-sensei's illustration become famous, could earn me my little sister's trust, could become Japanese's best novel -- the ultimate novel.

The novel that I could write only once in my life, using my special unique S-class skill.

That was -----

"Sagiri! I!"

"I want to make my little sister into a heroine!"

I shouted to Sagiri - to my little sister.

"……Ha?"

Looks like what I said was outside Sagiri's expectation, her eyes turned into two small dots.

"What, what, what are you talking about?"

"Didn't you hear me? I want to write a light novel about my little sister! Like a certain female author who liked elementary school girls and ended up writing a novel about that! Like a certain best-selling author who liked naked girls! Like someone who liked ero-illustration the most, who always managed to move me ---"

I took a deep breath and said:

"I want to write about my little sister who I like most! I will use my own life as a reference to write 'the ultimate light novel'!"

" ---- Ack!"

My little sister's face turned crimson. She suddenly took the headphones, put them on and yelled:

"I'm not happy! Unhappy unhappy unhappy! What you said doesn't matter to me! And it's gross! I hate the lying nii-san the most! I won't trust you! Get out! Don't come here anymore!"

Just like a fierce rejection.

I couldn't make her understand my feelings.

And…

'The never opened door' was closed again. Just like Sagiri's heart.

A few days later, half of May had passed.

After that, I didn't see Sagiri again.

Our relationship might have gotten worse….The number of times she didn't touch her meals had increased. Even the live video feed was no longer updated.

I was very worried. I felt that I had a negative influence on her. The sense of guilt is about to kill me.

But even then, I still continued writing novels, continued making meals for her three times a day, and continued trying to talk with her.

With maximum motivation, I could do anything.

Since the time my last proposal was rejected, I still hadn't prepared another. No outline, no idea.

This was the first time this happened to the quick-writing Izumi Masamune --- now, I'm busy writing a little sister based novel ( undecided name), busy creating another way of writing.

Unlike before, when I wrote and prayed that it won't be rejected .

Now, I will make this a success no matter what.

It was the same before I made my debut -- although later, in order to survive I had to abandon that way of thinking.

The speed that allowed my success until now --- although it did carve up my way of writing, I still abandoned it. Then I threw myself into motivation, determination to face that showdown.

Of course, not everything went well.

Yesterday, my editor finally told me 'you have to write something by this week'.

If I'm unable to meet that deadline, to be honest I'm scared.

There was a chance that my life as an author will come to an end.

The truth is maybe she didn't mean it like that, but my editor's ' then you should take your time' sounded even scarier.

If I couldn't write something, then another novel will take my place.

No matter how much I wrote, however many novels published, it wasn't the same as one missing volume.

My position would be lost to someone else. Readers would soon forget about me.

This very realistic outcome chained my heart down.

This is the first time I couldn't write since my debut.

This time when I wanted to write a story about what I want to write with maximum motivation ---

Giving up on my fighting style and choosing a little sister based novel ---

Giving up my easily forged way of writing and choosing a way that I had never tried before ---

I was happy, but at the same time I felt restless.

Just like when I first wrote a novel ---

Drifting in those positive and negative thoughts, I kept writing.

Both happy and restless, I continued forward.

# Chapter 5

# エロマンガ先生
ero manga sensei

Finally, today is May 31st

The end of the month –the deadline for both my manuscript and Elf's.

With a brown sealed packet kept under my armpit, I stood in front of the Crystal Palace. Faced with the incoming showdown, the nervous feeling and fear gave me goose bumps.

It wasn't like I had no confidence. I had picked a hard topic - the topic that I was destined to write, a topic that I wrote while I was at my maximum motivation. Now, my heart was full of an unprecedented sense of fulfillment.

Even I felt that this work is awesome. But despite that, my feet were trembling.

To be satisfied with one's own work is normal. Everyone would be the same. Just like everyone treats their child like a prodigy.

Although I felt that I did good – but without giving it to someone else to read, I couldn't be sure if others would agree with me.

Even if I was okay with it, the reader might not.

So, I was still scared. Very scared. My stomach felt like it's about to burst.

That feeling of anxiety and fear would slowly disappear after many readers gave me their positive opinion. Like 'very good' – that review would boost my confidence.

The three years since my debut…I had written a countless number of words; many people read them and gave me their opinions. Because of that, I managed to find the feeling 'if I write it like that, people will like it'.

Thankfully, I was able to find readers that found my stories good.

At the autograph event not long ago – I was so happy. Their feelings moved me so much.

But this time, I wrote something completely different from before.

Unlike my previous way of writing, I had written it while evading many obstacles.

And then ---

Now, aside from myself, I didn't know if there was anyone who would like it.

But to keep thinking about it is a waste of time. Until someone else reads it, I won't be able to make sure.

Now, three years' worth of confidence was meaningless. I was at a bit of loss, unsure what to do.

Just like about my little sister's heart.

I muttered weakly to myself:

"Ah ~ really, so nostalgic."

I couldn't forget…the first time I came to a publisher. The first time I wrote a novel, the first time I uploaded it on the Internet – that kind of tension.

--- Until 'that person' made the first comment, I was unable to sleep.

"…Hah."

I tried to calm down. That person --- a friend, or rather a savior.

Since we only communicated via Internet, I didn't know that person's face, real name or even gender. But from how mature that person talked, I guess he is a male, older than me.

I had spoken with him many times before about the novel I wrote. Talks about what scene was best, which characters we like – stuff like that. We often chatted about useless, random things like that for hours.

It was fun. That was one of the reasons I became a novelist.

Although now I had lost contact with him.

What was the last thing I told him?

*Next time, I want to get the Amateur Competition Award…* something like that.

"Alright."

Now…now wasn't the time to be immersing in the past…

"Here I come."

Shoving my worry aside, I took a step forward.

"Let's have a showdown!"

I rang the doorbell.

*Ding dong*

"……..Huh?"

No one answered. Normally, I would only have to wait for about five seconds before 'Show your identification'.

She wasn't home? No, it can't be. I had reminded her many times that 'I will come here at 5:00 pm, May 31st ', 'This is when we have a showdown'. Yesterday, I even told her 'It's tomorrow'. She even confirmed it.

"..Could it be…she couldn't finish her manuscript and ran away …?"

….This is possible. Yesterday, as usual, Yamada Elf still played with me and still hadn't written anything. She couldn't finish a manuscript in just one day.

Elf's manuscript wasn't finished in time – that must be it. That's why Elf ran away – maybe?

"That is impossible."

I rejected my own speculation.

After she decided on the showdown with me, Yamada Elf was always….full of confidence, always showed a 'Winning against you is just a piece of cake' kind of attitude. I can't believe that she was just trying to show off.

Besides, her record is the real deal. The best-selling author who had held a record of four volumes each year.

In other words, she had never run away.

She wasn't the type who gave a deadline to scare away newcomers.

And because of that good reputation, even now I still had trouble believing that the lazy girl who played Monster Hunter every day and the novelist Yamada Elf were the same person.

Although based on what I saw, it's impossible for her to finish her manuscript, but based on her history, I knew that she wouldn't leave it unfinished. Running away is unlikely too. But she still didn't come out….

The situation was somewhat hard to understand.

…….

"…….She didn't ….die inside, did she?"

…This can't be. This simply cannot be. But…

While still unable to think of any other explanation, I entered the Crystal Palace.

"Is there anyone home?"

I opened the front door and shouted, but no one answered.

In front of me was the dark Western style corridor and total silence.

"Anyone home?"

I shouted toward the second floor again, but still no response.

Yamada's household really had turned into a haunted house.

…..One minute. Two minutes. I tried something else:

"Is Yamada Elf-sensei home?"

……..

"Sorry for intruding."

Since no answer came, I decided to take a look at her workshop. This can't be helped, because the situation was clearly not normal.

"……"

I carefully climbed the stairs and arrived at Elf's workshop.

There was a faint pressure coming from that door…yeah, a bit like 'The never opened door'.

I swallowed and grabbed the handle.

*Crankkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk*. With a sound that came straight from a horror film, I opened the door.

Then I heard a very familiar sound. Tap tap tap tap

This was the sound of keyboard typing.

"El ----"

I stopped myself from finish that word. Inside her workshop, Elf was sitting in front of her computer. I could see her cheek from this angle.

On her face, there was a serious expression that I had never seen before.

She looked like she was possessed by a spirit. Her attention was focused solely on the screen, her hands typed furiously.

The image of the lazy idiot novelist who kept laughing all the time yesterday had completely disappeared.

The image of a lone player playing Monster Hunter was gone too.

Just like I imagined, Yamada Elf-sensei is so cool when working .

"……"

I glanced around the room…then swept my finger in the shelf.

There was a bit of dust in my finger. But I knew that the owner is the type who would never forget to clean somewhere.

"….That means…."

However, this time, Elf heard my quite muttering. She started a bit and paused.

A sense of guilt filled my heart.

She turned toward me. Her beautiful eyes showed deep dark circles.

Now, she didn't wear her Lolita clothing, instead just normal sportswear.

"…Ah, you have arrived…Right…today…is the 31st huh… Please wait in the living room."

Her voice was hoarse, sounding like a granny.

"Did I interrupt you?"

"……."

She didn't answer. Like she couldn't hear me, she turned to her laptop again and kept typing.

I said nothing and tried my best to leave the room without a sound.

As she said, I waited at the living room. There, I sat on a cushion and began to think. Somehow, I felt a tense atmosphere everywhere inside the Crystal Palace.

*…I never thought she had a side like this.*

I didn't expect that…well not really. The image of her so focused on working was the same as her readers - my image - of ' Best-selling author, Yamada Elf-sensei'.

Since she looked like that, she will definitely complete a very good manuscript.

"……Haha."

This should be a bad news for me, but I couldn't help but smile happily.

Even if she is on the other side, I was still her fan.

About an hour later, Elf kicked the door opened and entered.

*Bang*

"Sorry to keep you waiting!"

In front of me were the fluffy white lolita clothes and an overconfident voice.

Looks like she's totally recovered. What surprised me the most was that her black eyes had completely disappeared.

She held her laptop and a stack of paper in her hand.

Elf walked toward me and with a *thud*, she put the stack of paper on the table and said:

"This is my new novel!"

"……"

"What's wrong, Izumi Masamune? You looked like you have seen something unbelievable."

"No…but."

Although when I saw how focused she was when working, I felt that she could finish it in time.

But the more I thought about it, the harder it was for me to believe. She really finished it?

"You, you….just yesterday, you hadn't written a single word, had you?"

"Yeah. So what?"

'So what'… you guys understand what I'm trying to say right?

"You finished all of that…in just…one day?"

I unconsciously picked up Elf's manuscript.

Heavy. This manuscript was printed on both sides. On the last page, I could see the number 130. Which means that it was about 260 pages long.

"One day…only twenty four hours….two hundred and sixty pages?"

Seeing how surprised I was, Elf laughed in triumph.

"No no…This is impossible! No matter how hard you tried, you can only write about two hundred pages per day!"

"Wait! What you just said is already hard to believe!... The upper limit should be around fifty pages."

Really? Just that? On a normal day, when I still have to go to school and would only able to write at home during night, I could write more than that. Is she really a professional novelist? With such slow writing speed? Unless I write about a hundred pages per day, I won't be able to escape Hell.

How fast was I when I was under the pressure of 'we are going to decide it on the day after tomorrow, write something or die'?

Although my heart was full of questions, now wasn't the time to voice them.

"Then it's even stranger. You didn't write anything until yesterday. How could you suddenly finish it today?"

"Hm hm ~"

Elf shook her index finger and taunted me:

"First, didn't I tell you before --- 'Soon, you will see. When I defeat you.'

"You meant -- ah!"

I remember!

*My unique skill is quite powerful. Although I couldn't use it freely, but when I used that, my power could surpass your 'fast writing' skill*

I thought that she was only joking, So I didn't pay it any attention ----

"You…could it be that you….!"

"Ahahahahah -- you noticed? Good insight, Izumi Masamune."

Elf took the manuscript from my hand and raised it above her head.

"This is my 'Greater Novelist' special skill! B-class skill 'Summon Darkness'[23] – it allows me to summon a finished manuscript from the Netherrealm!"

"----------"

I could only stare at her, my jaws hanging wide open.

*No, it can't be…How could such a fearsome skill exist?*

"--- You think I'd buy that!? You're just speaking nonsense."

"I, I'm not!"

"Liar! You typed furiously just a while ago!"

"That, that wasn't this manuscript! That…yes! I was playing games! I was playing a game!"

The way Elf acted showed that I hit the bull's-eye.

"……..."

I looked at Elf with pitiful eyes.

"Wh, what….?"

"The heck is with that 'Summon Darkness'? You are the type who doesn't do summer homework until it's nearly too late. Anyone could understand that you wrote it bit by bit while I wasn't looking!"

"I did not ~~~~~~~. I really summoned it from the Netherrealmm~~~~~~"

*Did she think that someone would buy that lie so easily?*

Sometimes this happened - that kind of idiot novelist who always acts like 'I had nothing to do'.

*Don't be like that. I'm really looking forward to your novel!*

Seeing my ice-cold expression, Elf pouted:

"If you think I was lying, then go check my computer. You won't be able to find any document file about this manuscript."

Elf looked like she wanted to say 'Hm hm, how was that' and showed me her laptop.

"……..Wait a sec."

Just now, what did she say? No document files about this manuscript? To prove that she indeed summoned it from the Netherrealm instead of writing it….

Is that what she meant? Could it be……

"You deleted it? You deleted your original manuscript? Because of something so trivial?"

"Ha? What are you talking about, idiot? I summoned my manuscript from the Netherrealm, there wasn't any original manuscript."

"Tch! You, what have you done!? Yamada Elf's new novel is gone now! Do you know how valuable it was?"

Because of my shock, even my voice became strange.

"…I told you…I'm Yamada Elf….this manuscript here is enough ."

She rebuked me so easily….This stack of paper here is the only remaining manuscript….

"…You, what will you do when they ask you for the document? No publisher would accept you without a document file."

"I don't care. As long as I defeat you, I will leave the manuscript to my editor. They will take care of the rest."

What a brat! And here I thought that 'cute' is a middle school student's special attribute, but she was an exception.

That's righttttttttttttttt! She wasn't cute at all!

Still breathing hard due to her bad mood, Elf threw me her manuscript:

"Okay, the fun ends here. Let's decide a winner, Izumi Masamune."

Finally, it's here. To be honest, I was very afraid ---

But I didn't let it showed on my face.

" --- Here I come. Yamada Elf."

I adjusted my breathing and faced my arch nemesis. Carefully, I took the three hundred pages manuscript from the sealed packet and gave it to her.

We exchanged our manuscripts.

Of course, now is the time to read them and voice our opinions.

We only need to do this once, since if we just needed a winner, I could give everything to Eromanga-sensei.

But I want to read it first. The manuscript that Yamada Elf-sensei summoned from the Netherrealm.

Even her editor hadn't read it yet. A draft manuscript.

When she took my manuscript, Elf was probably thinking the same too.

In that case, I would be very happy, very honored.

"Ah -- you don't have a title for it yet?"

Elf sat down next to me.

"Ah, right. To tell the truth, I just finished it."

This is the first time I spent half a month for a manuscript. It wasn't like I couldn't write -- no, in contrast, I kept making edits while writing. The more I changed, the harder I wrote. I was -- very happy.

"Hey, you, decide a name for this novel, otherwise I can't accept it."

The first page of Elf's manuscript is the novel's title.

There were two types of writers: ones who write something then based on its content, decides a name.

The others pick a good name first then write a book about it.

Elf is the second type, who wrote everything with a plan. While I was the first type, who just wrote whatever he could think of, I could feel that writing this way had low efficiency.

Elf's book's title was very decent, very shocking, and the most critical point was that it had a symbol of the heroine's feeling inside.

From the first look, people could say that this would be a happy sexy novel.

Just from the title alone, I could imagine Eromanga-sensei's super embarrassing illustration of a flat-chested heroine. As a product, as a novel to show off Eromanga-sensei's skill, or as a weapon to beat me…it was an excellent title.

"If, by a one in a million chance that you beat me, I could write you a recommendation for your next novel. By the way ~ although it's a secret, all of my recommended novels are on the way to being made into an anime."

"……..This is amazing."

"I know, right, right~"

Elf covered her left eye with her hand and made a pose like an anime heroine.

She closed her right eye, then somehow it seemed like her left eye started to shine:

"B-class skill God's Eye -- the ability to see through the nature of a novel."

She sounded like she was saying that her insight was absolutely correct.

Well, although the way she talked is troublesome…but maybe she did indeed have that God's Eye skill.

The truth is, B-class skills and higher that Elf spoke of weren't nonsense, but real skill…And I only saw this truth a bit later.

Especially Elf's God's Eye that she showed earlier.

That was her special skill, which frankly had a lot of potential.

Because of that skill, not long after this, I was caught up in a desperate situation.

Elf still maintained her cool pose and tried to sound serious:

"Hahaha…with this fearsome skill, soon, one day the light novel industry will have an award named after me."

"Fine fine, a very fearsome skill indeed. Your God's Eye is amazing -- this means that if I beat you, I would also qualify as a writer whose book is about to be made into an anime."

"Ha - don't you feel ashamed of yourself for saying that?"

We quarreled and taunted each other a bit. Elf said:

"Then…hurry and finish reading my masterpiece."

"Ah ah."

"Let me see how your confidence holds up against me."

"Just wait."

I got a strange feeling. Couldn't she see that reading each other's manuscript…it was something very erotic? The same as looking at each other naked. I couldn't help but think so.

The truth is, now my face was even hotter than the moment I saw Elf's nude body.

*--- No no!*

I shook my head -- somehow, Elf shook her head too. Then we opened the manuscripts in our hands.

"----------"

……..

I slowly read it. Winning and losing soon lost its meaning to me . My racing heart beat faster and faster with my excited mood.

I couldn't stop. My hand, my heart couldn't stop.

"---------"

*Amazing! Simply amazing!*

This is ….the true power of someone whose novel was made into an anime…! This is something that could later defeat me, yet I was drawn into it. I can't help but like the cute heroine, can't help but imagine her ero illustration drawn by Eromanga-sensei in my head --

"….This girl…."

With a grumbling smile, I turned toward my beautiful nemesis. That was when I suddenly realized.

She…wrote that light novel for her illustrator!

Just like cooking, a light novel's words and its illustrations had a connection. As long as a light novel has illustrations, you can't ignore one aspect.

There were many examples when someone decided to change their illustrator or that illustrator stopped working for a reason, the reader immediately noticed the difference. As a reader myself, I knew it very well.

Elf's newest novel and Eromanga-sensei's illustration is a natural born combo.

"…….Kuh."

Story description, how it unfolds, character….everything was made based on the condition that Eromanga-sensei will act as its illustrator. All female characters were flat chested. All Eromanga-sensei's favorite poses were used.

In short, it was very erotic.

Based on her character, she wouldn't be able to write any other type of novel. But anything she wrote was a masterpiece.

A novel about transformable weapon battles.

A light novel written for Eromanga-sensei.

"You…this is…amazing."

I gave her my sincere approval without knowing. When I realized that I said this, I looked up to see her reaction -- but it seemed like Elf didn't hear me.

She was totally focused on reading my manuscript -- and her expression was full of terror.

"……."

Suddenly, her eyes widened, she gritted her teeth, liked she wanted to eat my manuscript.

While I was having a good time reading Yamada Elf-sensei's manuscript, Elf was reading Izumi Masamune's manuscript in anger.

"….Hey, hey…."

I tried to get her attention, but Elf didn't respond. She kept muttering to herself:

"This manuscript…is this real? Is this reality? Not a fictional story?"

Yup, totally true. Elf asked me while reading:

"Is this real? This is very important - please answer me."

A very direct question.

*…Why…do you look so angry?*

*Did I …write something that could cause this?*

"Well, of course not everything is true…"

*My manuscript didn't tell the whole truth.*

"Really?"

Elf's breathing became heavy, her finger gripped the paper harder, she bit her lower lip.

"……"

Then without saying another word, she returned to reading my manuscript.

She was very serious. Despite that she still looked very afraid.

"…Ack…Oh…Kuh….Oh…"

Her expression slowly changed -- like she was enduring something. Then….

"What ~ the ~ heck!!!!!!!!!!!!"

She roared then suddenly began kicking. She swung my manuscript at the table, like she wanted to crush it. Then the low table was knocked down while she fell on the sofa.

She started rolling around -- while still holding my manuscript.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh!! Kuhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh"

Just like a child who enjoyed a game. She turned into this after reading my novel…that scared me.

How could I predict that my reader will have that reaction?

What is going on?

Turn a few pages. Roll around. Repeat.

Sometimes she banged her head against the floor. Sometime she yelled 'Oh oh oh oh oh!' or 'Zzzzzzzzzzzzzz!!!!!', in short, a beast-like sound. Elf kept doing this for a while.

There was nothing I could do aside from looking at her from a distance.

Finally, looking like her endurance ran out, she stopped and looked at the ceiling.

"…..Impossible."

She muttered. Then tears started flowing from her eyes.

"Wahhhhh…I can't win…I can't win like this…Wahhhhhhh"

Elf kept crying while repeating to herself that she couldn't win.

….How was that? I felt that this time, my novel was very good; there wasn't a problem with my confidence. But for it to beat Elf's super well-written novel like this?

I couldn't think of any answer, so I asked:

"…Is my manuscript…that good?"

"No! It's not like that!"

"Eh?"

I don't get it. We are having a showdown right now. She said she couldn't win, that meant Elf accepted defeat right? If I didn't win too, then who won?

"You always give me a lecture about something! But you yourself are even crazier than me! You should have done that from the beginning! This…this…what kind of torture is this? Do you want to kill me?"

"….Was my writing so bad that it made you angry?"

"Like I said! It's not like that."

Elf stood up, her hand clenched and said:

"You are a dense idiot! You super pervert! You dare make me read something like this! Light novels that I wrote could sell a million times better than yours! But! This…we haven't decided a winner yet! It's the same as one side using a metal gamepad in a fighting game!"

Although she used a very vivid metaphor, I still failed to understand what she was saying.

"Hey…you…I totally don't understand what you're saying! Beside, this is my masterpiece, written by my soul, my ultimate light novel!"

I leaned forward, my face nearly touching Elf and answered.

"Ah ~ I knew it! I knew it just from reading! Although it pissed me off, but I can confirm this with you! What you have here, indeed it was born from your soul, from Izumi Masamune's S-class skill, the 'Ultimate light novel'.

"Then what's your problem?"

"But this is not something that 'many readers would enjoy'! About a novel, I think that the smaller the number of readers are, the more they could enjoy it. Then your novel is the ultimate light novel -- because it, was born from your soul, was written for just one person only!"

"----------"

There was nothing I could say. She was totally right.

"This is no longer a light novel. What you have here is…is…you …."

"Are you insulting me?"

She yelled before running out of the living room, toward the stairs.

"Hey hey!"

I hastily followed her into her workshop and asked:

"What are you trying to say?"

"A ~ really! You are so dense ~ "

Elf stopped for a second, before pointing her finger at my face:

"Like! I! Said! As a product, what you have here is full of crap! In this world, there are only two people who would be moved by this. Aside from me, the other is your little sister - Eromanga-sensei!"

"!"

What Elf just shouted in anger hit me like a lightning bolt.

That was outside of my expectations. I was stunned for a while before asked:

"…Why…How could you…know?"

"You meant that how could I know that your little sister is Eromanga-sensei?"

"Not just that. How could you know that I wrote this novel based on my little sister? I had changed a lot; aside from me, no one should be able to tell. Besides, in that novel, the little sister is not a hikikomori and I had never told you about my little sister - about Sagiri. So how could you --"

*How could you tell?*

"You didn't tell me. But I knew. Just from reading that."

Elf's attitude was like she wanted to say 'What? That trivial matter?'

"Hahhhh?"

"Hm?"

After a moment of silence, Elf pointed at me:

"Ah…could it be that you thought you hid it very well? That I wouldn't be able to see?"

She was acting like 'It's very clear to me'. But Elf soon realized her miss assumption and told me:

"Ah…ah… I see. Well, if this was a reader that doesn't know you in person, or a reader that knows you in person but didn't care about you then true, maybe they can't tell. Yes, I take back what I said earlier. You hid it very well -- but the moment I read it, your secret was exposed."

"….Ha? Exposed?"

"Yes. Exposed. What you wrote is equal to saying your little sister is Eromanga-sensei. So, I suggest you give up on the idea of publishing it."

*…For real…I thought I hid it very well..*

*Is this the power of God's Eyes? For real…?*

But when I voiced my thought, she replied "…I knew it, but not because of this skill". At that time, I was still unable to understand Elf's hidden meaning.

"…..That…I…I planned to give my little sister this novel after I finished…."

"Ah, that is fine. Your thought will be conveyed to her without any problems."

Elf answered like it's totally normal. On the verge of crying, I asked her:

"So…the secret was exposed?"

"….You still don't understand your feelings?"

"I…did say that 'I want to write something from my heart' and 'I want to write a light novel with my little sister as the heroine'. Is that a problem?"

"……..Listen…if you said so, why did you think that your secret wouldn't be exposed?"

"……Why….."

I dropped my head and clenched my fist.

*What an idiot I am! Idiot idiot idiot! I was carried away and left so many hints about Sagiri!*

*Thus, while Elf had accepted defeat, I still couldn't give this to Sagiri!*

In the novel I wrote, there was a very normal, ordinary high school student ---

And he's in love with his non-blood related little sister.

What was I thinking back then? How dare I write something so blatant?

I made some changes, but anyone who pays attention would surely realize.

But this can't be helped. I poured my soul into this.

"Hm, about my anger…sorry for acting this way. But, well, what are you going to do?"

"What …do you mean?"

"Are you going to give this love letter to your little sister?"

"
Wahhhh

Elf frantically scratched her beautiful blonde hair:

"Are you going to let your little sister see it? You wrote it because of that, didn't you?"

"….Yes. Yes, I did."

"So I say ----"

Elf gave me back my manuscript, despite not having finished reading it.

She then took her manuscript back. And ---

"Hurry and do what you must! Go to Eromanga-sensei!"

Elf dropped her manuscript into a shredder.

"Ah ~ I lose! This time, I lose!"

"W, wait!"

I shot forward, but half of Elf's manuscript had disappeared into that shredder.

Her original document was deleted, so this was the only manuscript left in the world.

This carefully written novel, the amazing novel that was written solely for Eromanga-sensei – was gone.

"What are you doing! You….!"

"Why are you crying?"

"I still haven't finished reading it!"

"Ah ~ thank you. But it's meaningless to keep it. You must understand too, right?"

"……"

This novel was written with the base assumption of Eromanga-sensei as her illustrator. It's meaningless to ask anyone else.

That was what Elf meant.

I understood this point. But…what a waste. Such a good writing !

"I will say it now. I lose this time, but that doesn't mean you have won. Don't misunderstand."

"….Misunderstand what?"

"How dense could you be ----"

Elf wiped her tears away.

"Next time, I will be the winner."

She meant….she lost this time, but she didn't give up on Eromanga-sensei.

In her workshop, Elf and I looked at each other without saying anything.

A few seconds of silence later then Elf said:

"So what next? What are you going to do? You aren't going to tell me that you will not give it to your little sister, are you?"

Her voice was small, but it sounded like an explosion in my head.

"This is the novel that beat me."

"….You bastard."

What an easy-to-piss-people-off way of encouragement – but, what she said is true.

The manuscript in my hand – the one that made her accept defeat, the one that turned another good manuscript into pieces.

How could I waste it?

There was only one thing for me to do.

"….Got it."

"Hm? What? I can't hear you – louder please."

"I will show her! That's what I decided to do!"

I wrote this novel for my little sister, for Eromanga-sensei.

Even if my true feelings are exposed, I didn't plan to change my intentions.

Although it might turn all of my effort in a year to nothing.

Although it might cause me to no longer be able to see my little sister.

Although it might make me lose my co-worker.

But even so, I had decided.

*I need to find a way to open that 'never opened door'.*

The truth is that I never thought about it too much.

Actually, I got a lot of ways…Like slipping it in under the door, leaving it with a note. But Sagiri might not see it.

…I hadn't seen her for half a month. She didn't even touch her meals… she never left her room – the only reason was because I declared that I wanted to make her the heroine of my next novel.

*I don't like it! Don't like it don't like it don't like it! What you said doesn't matter to me! And it's gross! I hate the lying Nii-san the most! I won't trust you! Get out! Don't come here anymore!*

…From her reaction, even now when I finished my novel, it would be hard to ask her to read it.

That's why I was thinking of a way. No, not exactly, I had always thought of one – Megumi once suggested a few ways for me. Although I had forgotten most of them due to how useless they were

This is a good place, thus I moved pass Elf.

"…What are you going to do?"

Yes. If I was the main character that I just wrote, I would do this without hesitation…I couldn't help but imagine this scene.

I never thought that I myself would do this.

However…how could I lose to someone I created?

"Hey, are you listening to me ---"

"I told you didn't I? I'm going to meet Eromanga-sensei."

"Ha? You mean…You can't mean…."

Elf seemed like she realized what I was about to do. Well, she could do it even without God's Eye anyway.

I ---

Slowly opening the balcony window.

"Are you serious? If you fall from here, it's not a simple injury! Besides, on the other side ---!"

"I'm always serious! Here I come!"

Without hesitation, I rushed out. Both mentally and physically, full of motivation, I kicked the floor ---

Jumping out.

A moment of floating.

An instant later, the thought 'I'm going to die for sure' appeared in my head.

Although the distance was short, I could jump to the other side without any problem ---

" – The window wasn't opened! Ahhhh damn ----!!!!"

When it was clear that she wouldn't be able to stop me from jumping, Elf quickly shouted right when I made my jump:

"Eromanga-senseiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii. Unless you open your window now, your brother is going to dieeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!"

*Crank*

Before Elf finished, suddenly, the window opened.

Wearing her pajama, my little sister who I hadn't seen in half a month appeared.

In that moment, I thought that time had stopped.

" ----------"

Although I had the feeling that the window opened after I made my jump, the truth was when I was making my running start, Elf had shouted out and Sagiri had already opened the door. Otherwise it would be very strange.

Although it was strange ---

"Nii-san!"

I heard her say that. I saw the shocked expression on my little sister's face. And I remembered each and every one of the smallest movements of her lips.

"Here I come – Sagiri!"

In theory, it was impossible for me to say that in time. But I did remember saying it out.

Every thing happened so fast, no one would be able to make sure.

In a fighting novel, the feeling 'like time had stopped' is quite normal. Now I could see that this is not totally an exaggeration.

Of course, while so many thoughts ran through my head in just an instant, the laws of physics still went on as normal. Without any chance to adjust myself, I collided with my little sister directly.

"….Ugh!"

Before I hit Sagiri, the railing slowed me down a bit, so it's a fortune amidst misfortune. If I hurt her, I'd rather hit the window myself.

And not only did I collide with Sagiri, it would be more correct to say I lied on top of her.

"…Ouch it hurts, it hurts…."

The pain from my leg confirmed that I hit the railing while at the same time, my face felt something soft.

*…What is that? What is my face touching?*

I slowly opened my eyes and in front of me was….

"Wh…."

My little sister's breasts.

In other words…my face is now rubbing against my little sister's breasts.

"….Ack…what…."

Sagiri opened her eyes and blinked a few times….

"What…."

The truth in front of her was beyond imagination, so she was temporarily stunned.

"……..."

"……."

*Not good. Definitely not good….I..I have to say something.*

"No, this, this is…ehh….."

*Yes, yes, that's right! I came here for a reason! Now that I've met her, I will say it! Okay!*

Still with my face pressed against my little sister's breast, I opened the sealed packet – and told her the line that I prepared:

"Sagiri, I wrote a new manuscript. Take a look."

"!"

She looked shocked for a second, like she was thinking about what I said – and then

"Y~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~"

*Slap*

She slapped me. Hard.

"……"

"……"

"…….About that…sorry."

A few minutes later…I was sitting inside Sagiri's room with a swollen face

In front of me, she hugged her body. Due to embarrassment, her face was red and showed a very unhappy expression.

[Tch, forget it… it wasn't something that I could let slide, but for now… so?]

I could hear her muttering through the headset.

As usual, without that her voice would be so small that conversation would be impossible.

I…really liked her natural voice.

[Why, did you do something so dangerous?]

"…Because…you…after that…you didn't open the door again."

Recently, Sagiri often forgot to lock the window, so I thought this time would be the same too.

"I…was worried…this was the only way I could think of."

I apologized to her again.

[….]

Sagiri looked down. I couldn't figure out what was she thinking .

"…Sagiri…why did you open the window?"

[…Huh?]

"Just now, we collided with each other because you opened the window ---"

[ --- It's none of your business]

Sagiri decisively stopped this topic. She continued:

[….About that.]

"What?"

[The reason. Did not open the door.]

I gave her my manuscript, but in return she gave me something.

When I was wondering what that was…my eyes widened….

"This…!"

At that moment, I simply had no idea what to say. My emotions were running wild; I didn't know how I should face this.

On the digital board what Sagiri showed me was the main heroine from 'The Silver Wolf's Reincarnation'

It was almost the same as the memorial illustration I saw before.

However, there were some differences.

It was clearly an illustration of 'the main heroine swinging her weapon in battle'.

*What about you? Those battle illustrations also looked quite ero!*

"You! This one…!"

[…A battle scene. Better this way, right?]

"Not only better this way…this is no longer on the same level as the previous one!"

She clearly didn't have much understanding of weapons before – especially when she drew heavy firearms. Now, the illustration

looked like someone else did it in a realistic style. Well, maybe realistic style wasn't the right word – what I meant is her character looked 'alive'.

[…Is that so.]

Sagiri nodded, pretending to be calm…but she slightly smiled.

She.…wasn't good at hiding her feelings – now, this is her cute side.

I could feel my face is getting hotter, making me unable to look at my little sister's face.

"Finally…what's the difference? Why did it look so much better than before?"

[…Who knows?]

Sagiri tilted her head.

"Hey, how could you not know? Is it like a special drawing technique or something?"

[Watched some fighting video…Weapon's reference…Read a lot ]

*In other words – the result of her study.*

[But, it's not another drawing technique…I don't know how to say it.]

If this was a live video, I could ask Eromanga-sensei anything about her drawing technique – but it is impossible for Sagiri.

[Just….]

"Just?"

[I understand the feeling of people when they fight better… maybe.]

"…You mean?"

I myself thought that Sagiri totally didn't suit with 'fighting'.

She looked puzzled for a while before dropping her head and said:

[…I…people die or hurt… don't like it….]

"!"

I got the feeling that there was a hidden meaning in her word just now.

[It was from a long time ago. Don't misunderstand.]

Like she could see my unsaid question, Sagiri quickly explained :

[Because fighting…then my favorite character is gone…very sad.]

"I see."

In her live video, Eromanga-sensei also mourned the death of her favorite character.

What a gentle girl.

[Before, towards this kind of illustration, I was inconsistent. However…after I talked with you about your novel's illustration… I realized that it wasn't enough. I couldn't just draw what I knew.]

What Sagiri…Eromanga-sensei said was the total opposite of what Elf said.

[…I can't…accept it…so..]

Saying that, Sagiri stopped and bit on her lower lip.

She probably felt angry because of what troubled her– looks like her cute face was also capable of that terrifying expression

"…You mean you can't accept…."

[Yes.]

She looked at me with her eyes full of resentment.

"…Me huh….back then, when I said they were erotic and…so…."

Sagiri 'Mwu ~', her eyes became even sharper.

*Wow…is she that angry?*

Well, that was understandable. If someone told me 'That scene is like shit' or 'I don't like this character', I would try harder. Perfect my writing – practice to write what I don't want or what I hate to the point of perfection. I had done that a lot of times in the past.

[I felt that I couldn't avoid fighting any longer. So, gradually, I managed to finish this illustration.]

"Fighting….?"

[Yes.]

"With whom?"

Unable to accept criticism, then try harder…this fight is with me ?

[……]

Sagiri shook her head, but refused to answer.

Who is the 'enemy' that my little sister spoke of? Aside from me, who else could it be?

Sagiri pushed the digital board to me again:

[This too. Take a look.]

"What is it this time?"

In front of me was an illustration of a girl. Not one of my characters, this was a girl that I had never seen before.

[A higher level should be like this.]

"……."

[This one is with a different hair style.]

"……."

[How is that?]

*You asked me 'how is that'? – I could tell just from the first glance.*

"You…you can draw big-breasted characters now?"

[…Even if it was difficult, with enough practice I could do it.]

Sagiri proudly raised her chin.

Although based on her words, it didn't reach the level that she preferred.

But she must have practiced a lot …I remembered telling her that her illustration didn't have any big-breasted characters.

[You see, here is a nude version.]

Sagiri swept her fingers, the screen showed a girl without any clothes on her upper body.

A half-naked, super erotic illustration.

"……."

[How's that?]

"Well, how should I put it….."

*I'm happy because the girl I like showed me an H-illustration that she drew - no no no how could I say that*. Although I was embarrassed with myself, my heart kept racing.

[What do you think?]

"….Super erotic. A perfect illustration, sir."

I unconsciously used formal language.

[…Um.]

Sagiri smiled again.

…No good. Because of what Elf said – I was thinking too much.

We are clearly siblings.

So…in half a month, Sagiri had been practicing this…

When I was thinking, she suddenly called out my pen name.

[Izumi-sensei]

"Yes!?"

She looked directly into my eyes and said:

[Do you understand? If your new illustrator wants to kick me out in your next novel, I will not allow it.]

"Huh?"

I was stunned for a moment, unable to understand what she was saying.

"Ha? Kick you out? What do you mean? Who said that?"

*I don't get it! What did my little sister just say?*

Sagiri said seriously:

[Because…Nii-san kept something from me; you met with a strange girl in secret and also used a computer together…]

She probably meant the time I was talking with Elf about Eromanga-sensei.

[Aside from work, Nii-san, there is no chance for you to meet any beautiful girls.]

*Although your insight was right, you words hurt me, you know?*

[Then…after Nii-san met with that girl…you looked very motivated.]

*Ah ah – well, that much is true.*

[So….you are…looking for a new illustrator…that's the reason that you can't tell me, right?]

Sagiri suddenly looked depressed. Seeing her like that – I realized that how much of an idiot I was.

She looked up again and raised her voice – I could hear her without the headphone.

"I have been practicing since then! I have made up for all of your complaints…I will draw an illustration that fits your requirements!"

"!"

She spoke her true feelings. So for half a month…Sagiri hid inside her room without touching any meal, without answering me because ---

"Izumi-sensei. When you said you want to make your little sister into a heroine of your 'ultimate light novel'….I was very happy! So I really want to draw the illustratons for this novel…!"

The words from our previous meeting returned in an opposite form.

Sagiri took the headphone down and shouted:

"I will never, ever lose! I will not give up Izumi-sensei for that girl!"

*Come here and fight! I will not give you my co-worker!*

What an idiot. I, we…both of us…What a joke.

*--- You should have said so from the beginning – really.*

Elf was right. She was totally right.

I also had no reason to lecture Sagiri.

I was the one who acted like a 'perfect elder brother' first after all.

*--- How could a brother and sister love each other ----*

I hid, buried my own feelings. I liked her at first sight, but I tried to treat her like a family member. I thought it would be fine.

"That was my line."

"Oh!?"

"It was a misunderstanding! That girl…Our neighbor, Yamada-san – she is the best-selling author, Yamada Elf-sensei!"

"Oh!!!...." Sagiri's eyes widened "Yamada Elf-sensei…is she?"

"Yes. She is Yamada Elf-sensei. She…." I hesitated a bit, but continued "She is a fan of Eromanga-sensei, she wanted to work with you! So we quarreled and decided to have a showdown by writing. We bet Eromanga-sensei as a prize."

"Wh…what is that? I have never heard about it."

"Of course. I didn't tell you – because I feared that you might say that compared to me, working with a best-selling author is better. I was scared! I couldn't say it out!"

Now that I had said it, this really sucks.

"Ha, haaaaa!? How could that be? Nii-san is an idiot!"

"I thought so too. I should have told you from the beginning."

"I didn't mean that…this wasn't what I meant…!"

"But this is what you meant!?"

"No I didn't! That showdown by writing, how did you plan to decide a winner?"

"We both planned to give our manuscript to Eromanga-sensei then let her decide."

"Then…Nii-san, this is your manuscript?"

"Yes."

"Yamada Elf-sensei's manuscript…is here too?"

"No."

"….W, why?"

"Because I beat her."

I said proudly…Although she admitted defeat after reading, it wasn't like I won – but what I said is still true

I'm standing in front of my little sister. Let me look cool for a while.

"You…beat her…."

Hearing that, Sagiri's eyes widened.

"…amazing."

Then she laughed innocently:

"Izumi-sensei…you beat her…so amazing."

"Right right."

My heart was racing! It was better than any praise!

"Sorry. I should have let you read both of our manuscripts… before deciding on a winner."

Sagiri closed her eyes and slowly shook her head.

"Not, necessary."

Sagiri pointed to her digital board.

That action was stronger than any evidence.

"From the beginning, I would pick you, Nii-san."

She raised her right hand toward me.

Her characteristics changed, she spoke in a mature male ( Eromanga-sensei) tone:

" --- Please take care of me, Izumi-sensei."

"Please take care of me too – Eromanga-sensei."

I took her hand. Eromanga-sensei's face blushed like a girl.

"I, I don't know anyone by that name."

Hearing the line that I hadn't heard for a long time, I couldn't help but smile.

--- Congratulations.

Although I wanted it to end like that, the truth was there is more.

That was, well…the reason I jumped into this room. I didn't come here just to solve Eromanga-sensei's misunderstanding.

"Sagiri…are you hungry?"

"….A bit."

Sagiri placed a hand on her stomach, which immediately gave a cute *Squeeze* sound

She immediately blushed. I pretended like I didn't hear anything and stood up.

"Let me go make something."

"No."

Of course Sagiri also didn't forget that reason. She held my sleeve and said:

"We…are not done talking here. This time…It's Izumi-sensei's turn."

Sagiri turned to me and raised a hand.

"Let me see it."

"Oh!"

"Your new novel – let me see it."

"Ah ah ah! Right right – right, of course!"

"What are you getting nervous for?"

"No, I'm not getting nervous. Not a single bit."

"Although it doesn't look that way…but hurry and give it to me."

"Sure."

I swallowed – and once more prepared myself.

I presented her my manuscript like it was a heavenly weapon.

The manuscript that Elf evaluated as a 'love letter to my little sister'.

"Then…take a look."

"???…..You are acting strange, Nii-san."

Of course, since she didn't know the content yet, Sagiri didn't feel any pressure – she took a look at the title:

"Then I'm going to read it now."

"Ah right…um, about …Sagiri…while you are reading, can I go make a meal?"

Of course, I said that because I wanted to cook something for my little sister, not because I wanted to escape.

I stood up and walked toward the door without waiting for her answer, but once more Sagiri caught me.

"No. Stay here."

"W, why?"

"I got the feeling that Nii-san is trying to escape."

*What sharp insight.*

"Besides, you saw my illustrations already…so don't even try."

"…I understand."

*Fine, I will stay here! I will not try to run anymore! Out with it!*

So, I sat in front of the girl I liked when she was reading my three hundred page-long love letter.

What a god-class trial. Even the main character from 'The Silver Wolf' could never overcome this situation.

"……."

I wiped the sweat from my forehead and waited for any development.

Sagiri flipped the first page…suddenly she frowned

Ack! That! The first page…the main character meets the heroine then falls in love at first sight….Although I didn't write it like that …and there were many differences from Sagiri…before Elf pointed that out, I thought no one would be able to tell ---

*So…did she figure it out?*

"……"

Without showing any expression, Sagiri flipped another page.

*Not yet? The secret still held? Good…good, right?*

Just two pages and I already felt so nervous. Can my heart endure three hundred pages?

"……..."

Flip. Flip. Flip. Flip

Wearing pajamas, my little sister read my manuscript.

Time passed. There were a few times when Sagiri blushed, a very easy to understand reaction. But sometime she looked up and glanced at me.

Each time she did that, my heart almost jumped out of my chest .

*Thud Thud*My heart beat like a drum.

You guys try imagining this scene:

Giving a love letter to the girl you like – then watching her read it.

The love letter containing your feelings, your love. And when you wait for her to finish reading…it was only a few minutes, but it felt like hours. You must feel like a criminal waiting for capital punishment. No one wanted to stay in the line that separated Heaven and Hell like that.

But…in my case…my love letter is three hundred pages long. She probably needs at least two hours to read it.

I will die! I'm really going to die!

A few minutes reading could feel like hours…and mine is not going to end anytime soon.

Just finish me off already!

Hopefully the secret that I like Sagiri wouldn't be exposed…I still had my hope, but…it was so hard…I never thought…it would be that hard.

"……."

I didn't know since when, but Sagiri…even her ears reddened. Her pure white skin made it easier to notice. Her hands. Her legs. Her face. Everything was reddened.

*Did she figure it out?*

"……..Oh…."

Her hand slightly trembled, her eyes began to spin.

Her breathing became harder, like she was having a fever.

"…….Wow."

From that distance, I saw everything.

*…I'm done for…everything is…done for….She knew…*

I don't know what Sagiri is feeling toward me, but if she said ---

[…Nii-san…Like.]

Without a doubt, I will be shocked to death.

Time passed…One minute…Two…Three minutes. Sagiri remained motionless, no longer reading. I mustered my courage asked:

"Sa, Sagiri?"

"Y, Yes!"

This reaction was too much. I had never heard her voice so loud before.

I hesitated for a moment before asking in a super neutral tone:

"…..How, how is that?"

"That, that…."

Sagiri held the manuscript in her hand, clearly troubled.

"It's good! Amazing!"

"Re, really?"

Although it wasn't what I wanted to ask – but hearing this made me happy.

Very happy.

Like a child when he was praised.

"Um. I haven't finished reading – but I like it very much."

"Really…it's good then."

"However…."

Sagiri muttered.

"However?"

"If you plan to publish this…You can't. You must not let anyone see it…It's so embarrassing."

Saying that, Sagiri returned to reading.

"……."

True, I couldn't publish it. If a reader figured it out, it would be too embarrassing to bear.

Besides ---

I wrote this for one person only. The original mission had been fulfilled; there was nothing more for it to do. I couldn't continue it too. If I want to publish it, I need to do heavy editing.

Time passed again. Sagiri was reading my manuscript while I waited for my little sister to finish reading.

Although she was a bit slow, I didn't feel anxious.

Then, finally.

After finished the last page, Sagiri said:

"Nii-san."

With a voice of someone who is in love, she said:

"I have someone I like."

"----------"

My eyes widened. I felt like something just pierced my heart.

"…Is…that so?"

*Yes….even Sagiri, even a hikikomori --- still could have someone she liked.*

*Since…her world is so big.*

Toward 'my confession', Sagiri's answer was:

I can't answer your feelings.

Okay, I got it.

This is fine. I thought so.

This is fine.

Because we are brother and sister.

Because I had decided to become her family member.

"I understand."

# Epilogue

The next day, June 1st, I returned to my usual life.

My little sister's hikikomori status wasn't getting any better.

My manuscript, of course, wasn't getting published anytime soon – but somehow it was different from usual.

Aside from that, there were other differences with Izumi Masamune than before.

I became aware of my little sister's real identity. I confessed my feelings. I agreed to continue working with Eromanga-sensei and also succeeded in slowly removing the seal of 'The never opened door'.

And my next-door neighbor was also a best-selling author.

"Ha ~ so, she read it in front of you."

"Yeah, like you said, she totally figured it out."

"Is that so ~ I knew it. But --- that means she dumped you."

"…Hey…what are you laughing for?"

"Eheheh ~ you deserve it."

*Damn it! I'm angry! This girl!*

Now, I was sitting in the workshop at Crystal Palace and having a little chat with Elf. Since she knew what happened at the beginning, I felt like I should let her know how it ended.

"That sums up everything about me. What about you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Your manuscript. Not the one you planned to use for your showdown with me, but the one which was about to be made into an anime. Wasn't its deadline last month?

"Ah…that…ah."

Elf sunk back into her chair. Although it was hard seeing her in front of the computer, I could see that she hadn't managed to type a single word.

The monitor showed a snow-white screen.

"Hm hm – of course, I haven't written anything."

"Don't be so proud about it! This isn't a laughing matter!"

A manuscript for an anime was much more important than a normal manuscript. Even I knew that not all problems could be easily avoided.

The publisher and the anime company would probably send assassins to chase after her till the ends of the earth.

"Isn't it the same as when you had a showdown with me? Why didn't you finish that manuscript first?"

"Because, a fight for Eromanga-sensei is much more important than an anime manuscript in my books."

"That was why I wrote it first" – Elf said so.

…That was indeed a good novel. She really poured a lot of effort into it.

But, she accepted defeat.

Anyway…this girl's current manuscript count was 0.

I didn't know how serious she was…but that deadline was real.

*…Is this really okay?*

"My stomach hurts just from hearing you. Hurry and use your skill 'Summon Manuscript' (Summon Darkness)"

"It's still on cool down. There are some requirements before I could use 'Summon Darkness' again. At least a month's worth of magical power and…."

*You didn't have time to secretly write it did you?*

Why can't you be honest?

"If I could use it without worry, then it would have been an S-class skill by now. It's only a matter of time until it reaches that level, but not now."

"Greater Novelist Yamada Elf-sensei, no matter what you say, the fact remains. The deadline has passed. What are you going to do about it?"

"Uh ~ no choice then. I really don't want to use this."

Elf reluctantly sighed, closed her eyes and said solemnly:

"C-class skill, 'Time leap' – the ability to twist the time line… May huh…then today is May 32nd, I temporarily managed to overcome this crisis."

Of course she didn't.

A few minutes later, Elf was thrown into Hell. I saw the publishing company send some male employees in suits and sunglasses to catch and throw the greater novelist into a black van. All I could do was mutter to myself "So scary".

But that was a story of a few minutes later. Right now, Elf was still in front of me.

She asked me:

"Then? What next?"

I recalled what happened yesterday.

Behind the 'never opened door', I had a direct talk with Sagiri.

"…Sagiri...I have a dream."

"Nii-san's dream?"

I nodded.

"Yes. A very big dream."

"Can you tell me?"

"Sure."

I stood up and laughed. How could I not when talking about my dream.

"I want to publish this manuscript. Of course not in its current state, I planned to rewrite, to edit it – until the publishing company acknowledges me. But I will make it into a novel, so that many people could enjoy this story, could enjoy the main character and the heroine. Then slowly, I could build up my reputation for my independent life before it is turned into an anime! How is that? Isn't it amazing?"

Sagiri never left her room.

Even if she did, she chose a time when no one else was around.

I couldn't make her come out, nor could I force her to come out. Otherwise, her heart would break.

Our guardian and I completely understood this point – that time, a year ago.

My biological father and mother would never come back.

What should I do? I had always asked myself this question.

"That is…Nii-san's dream?"

"No! Not anymore! It's only the first part of my dream!"

I strongly objected. After turning it into an anime – there was something else I wanted to do.

"My dream is after that! Something even bigger! I want to buy a super-sized LCD TV for our living room! Buy human-sized speakers! I will also get a luxury cake with candles!"

I turned to my little sister, my face inches away from her, and enthusiastically said:

"Then I will bring you out of your room to watch the anime together! My original story, your character, our anime!"

I finally understood.

That was my dream.

"It – will definitely be good! We will definitely have a good laugh! Anime could make hundreds of thousands of people laugh or cry together! If we could enjoy that happiness, no sad story would trouble us anymore!"

I wanted her to share my greatest happiness.

By using that greatest joy, I wanted to crush the sad things that made my little sister cry.

I wanted to treat my little sister like Ame-no-Uzume-no-Mikoto. [24]

I liked Sagiri the most ---

Because I'm her elder brother.

"This is my dream! I absolutely want to achieve it."

*Cough cough.*

Because I was speaking too much, my throat gave up. Tears bursted out. How helpless I was, unable to finish my cool dream. ---

"….Is that so…this time…."

Hearing my dream, Sagiri muttered something and stood up. Then she took a few steps towards the door.

*….Just now…Sagiri…did she said 'this time'?*

With her back facing me, Sagiri picked up the headset.

She slowly put it on.

Then – she opened the door, walked outside and turned around .

"…You…you!"

This can't be!

Her 'hikikomori' status couldn't be treated by the spur of a moment or someone else's perseverance.

The doctor's advice from a year ago still rang in my ears.

So…this was…

Just like a dream.

Unlike usual, Sagiri laughed with confidence:

[At first, it was like that, Izumi-sensei] -- Her voice turned into Eromanga-sensei before continuing [You always bring new dreams].

*That nostalgic tone; where have I heard this before?*

[Okay then, Izumi-sensei. Let me help you. How could I let you do something so interesting alone? This is not your dream – this is our dream.]

This was no longer my little sister, no longer Sagiri. This was my co-worker, Eromanga-sensei.

Then 'he' threw the headset away and turned back to 'she'.

*Bang bang* She stomped on the floor and said:

"…I'm hungry."

"……..Haha."

I laughed.

I never knew that when your feelings filled your heart, it would have turned out like this.

"Okay okay, I got it. Wait a bit."

This was my first step towards my dream.

I would never forget what happened today for the rest of my life.

# Afterword

My dear readers from 'My little sister can't be this cute', we meet again. Pleased to meet you, my new readers. My name is Fushimi Tsukasa.

Thank you for reading a novel with such a perverted title. Especially at a small bookstore. It must have been embarrassing when you checked it out.

Maybe some of you are angry because this story and the perverted title are totally inconsistent.

I'm very sorry, and thank you very much.

After a long absence, what do you feel about my new novel, ' Eromanga-sensei'? If you enjoyed it, I would be happy.

If you could laugh twice, this is my big victory.

After writing 'My little sister' for several years, I felt a bit uneasy. But as long as I begin writing, I get addicted.

All characters are new. Everything has to start anew. The tragedy of 'I have to write everything again' happened a few times …It was hard and fun at the same time and made me feel quite nostalgic.

When I wrote this book, I received many letters from my readers.

All of them are my treasures. Please send me letters.

In addition, there was an anime convention in Chiba, a photograph event in Ikebukuro Sunshine, and a railway road in Chiba with my novel's illustration on a side.

I was so moved. All of them gave me the power to write my next novel.

When someone tells me they 'like' my novel, I'm very happy. I could say that it's 'the best moment of life' and it's not an exaggeration.

I will try to finish the second volume for everyone.

October 2013. Fushimi Tsukasa.

# Translator's Notes

1. ↑ A size for paper, check Here
2. ↑ "Ero" is a short form of the English word 'erotic' used commonly in Japan. It is a term used to mean erotic or sexy, also used to refer to something as perverted.
3. ↑ Erromango is the largest island in the island nation of Vanuatu. Also, in Australia, there is a small town called Eromanga. Received it's name before the term ero was adopted by the Japanese.
4. ↑ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Moe_(slang)
5. ↑ "Akaiusagi" means Red Rabbit
6. ↑ "Kinshishi" means Golden Lion
7. ↑ English in original.
8. ↑ Original : 工 *(e-ru-fu)* = Elf
9. ↑ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Noizi_Ito : H-game artist, illustrator of Shana and Haruhi novel.
10. ↑ In Eastern Asia, it's common to leave offering in front of a statue
11. ↑ Amitabhais a celestial Buddha described in the scriptures of the Mahayana school of Buddhism. Namo Amitaba is what most people chant when praying Buddhism. Masamune is basically saying that those 'Izumi-san, please come back to school' sound like a chant, without any emotion or feeling. Those people are just repeating the words again and again without thinking
12. ↑ Probably a reference to Rozan Shō Ryū Ha (廬) from Saint Seiya.
13. ↑ Refers to money earned from the sales of patented work( books, music etc.)

14. ↑ The author of Sword Art Online and Accel World
15. ↑ Abbreviation for 'Blu-Ray Disc'
16. ↑ The protagonist in 'One Piece'
17. ↑ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cell_phone_novel
18. ↑ "BL" is short for "Boys Love", also called "Yaoi". It is a term used to describe homosexual love between males and is usually geared towards a female audience.
19. ↑ She keeps calling herself "the best selling author" even though, considering her overall sales, she isn't. Masamune is just playing along with her and calling her "the best-selling author" to avoid trouble.
20. ↑ A reference to Doraemon. The robotic cat, Doraemon, is afraid of mice.
21. ↑ See Skill Tree
22. ↑ Denpa is a japanese term for anti-social/weird people
23. ↑ 完 The Kanji reads *summon manuscript*, but the Katakana reads *summon darkness* - See Furigana for more info.
24. ↑ Shinto goddess of dawn, mirth and revelry. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ame-no-Uzume-no-Mikoto